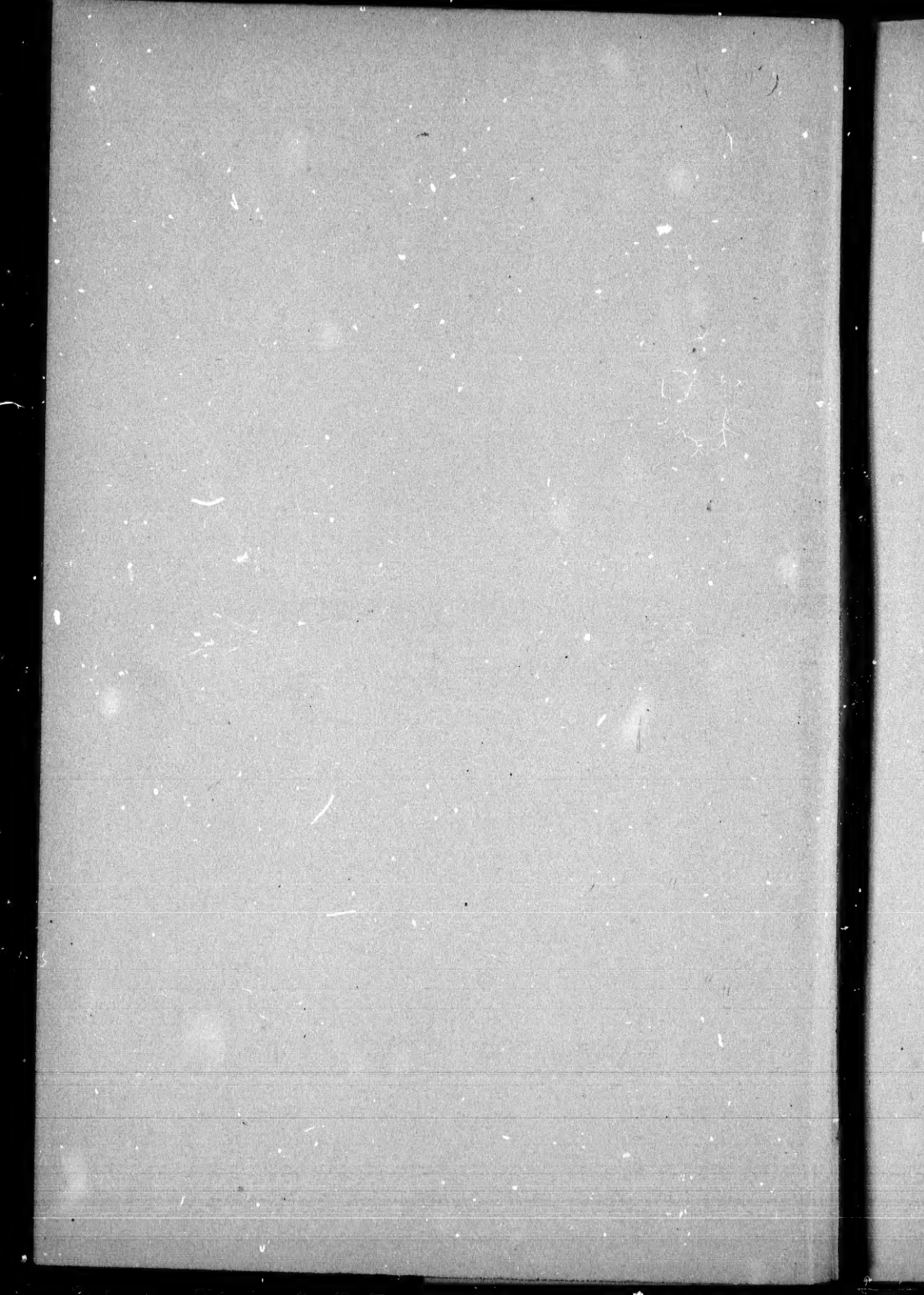
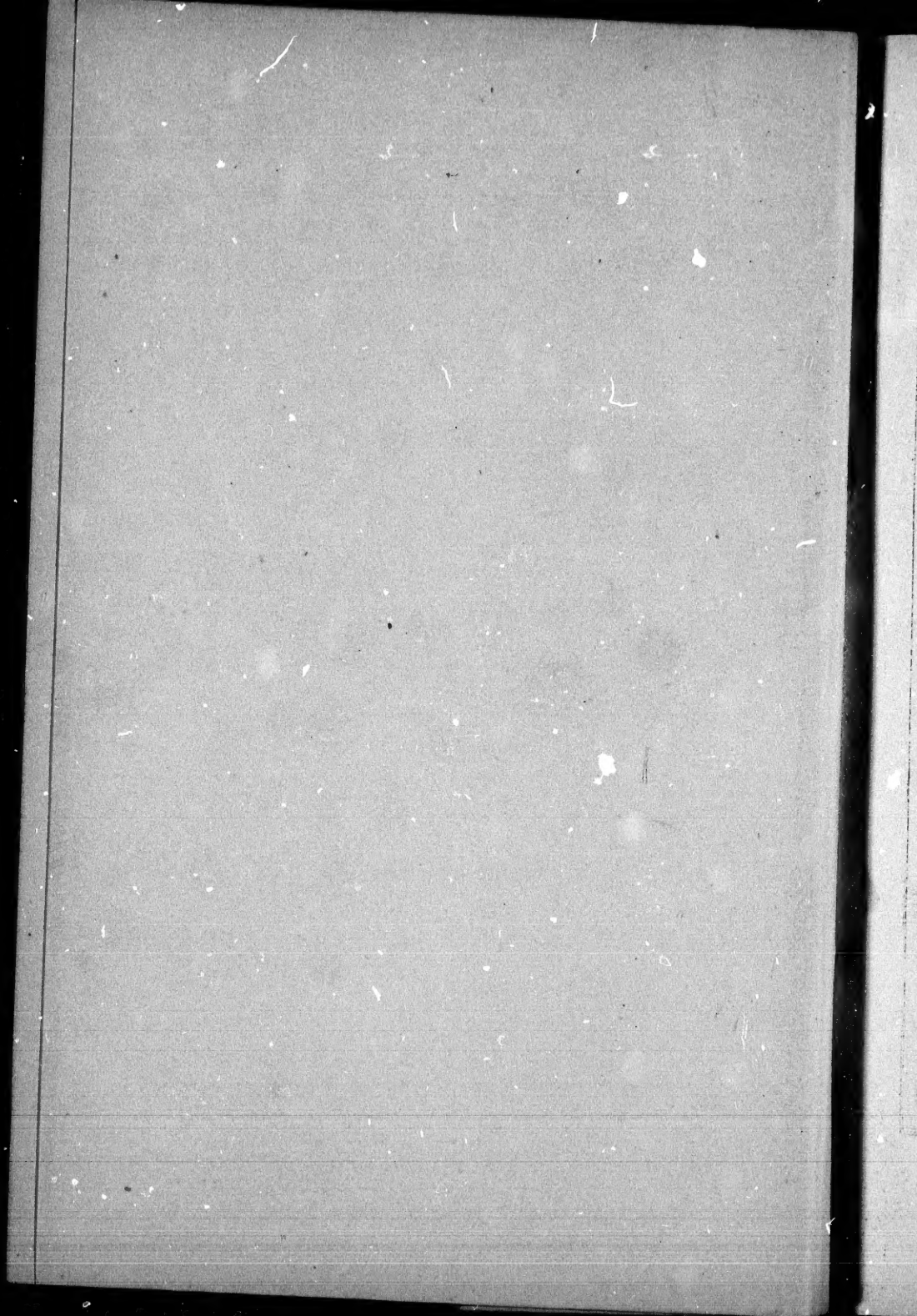
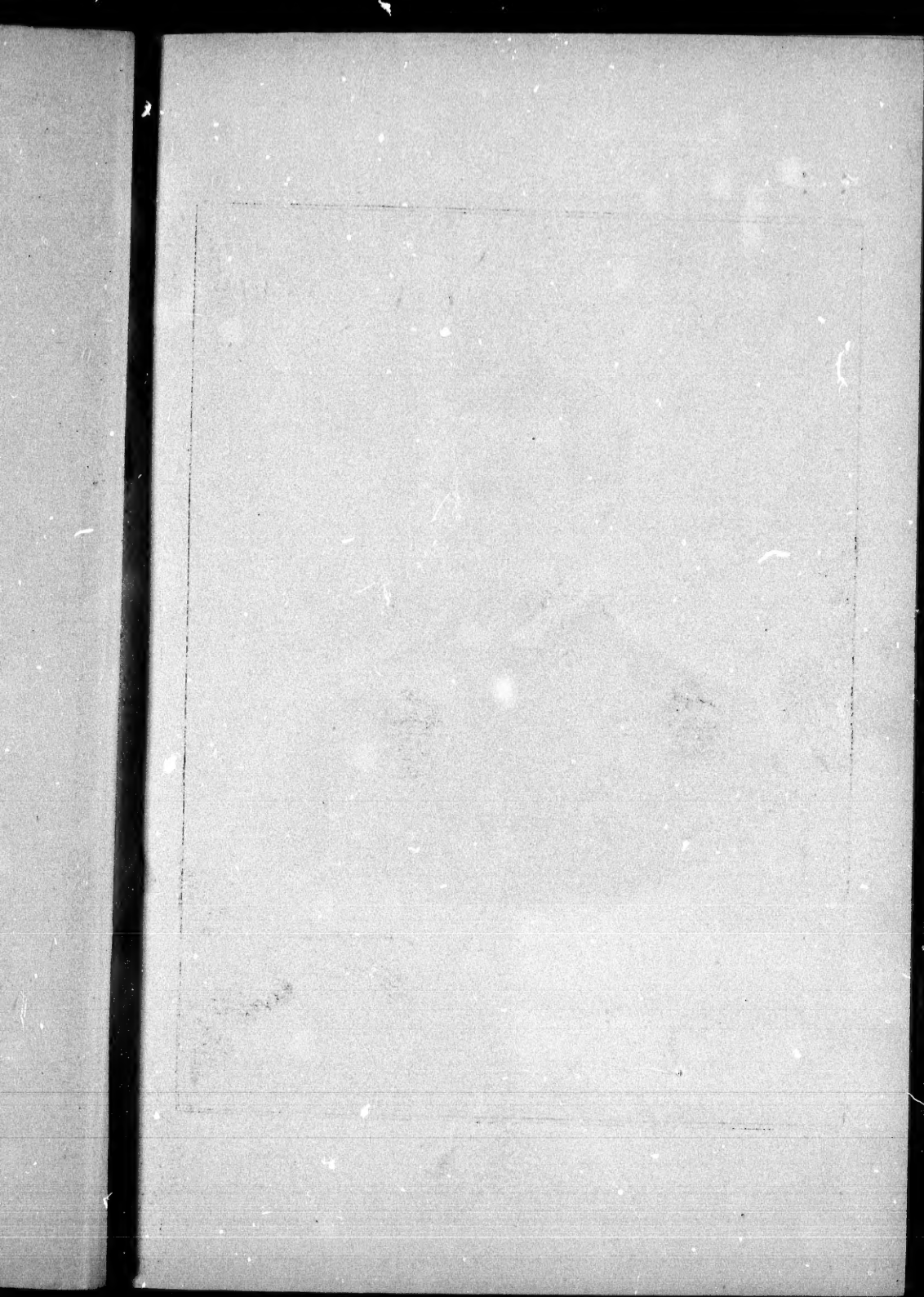




AFLOAT FOR ETERNITY..







RT

AFLOAT FOR ETERNITY;
OR,
A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS
FOR THE TIMES.

BY
JAS. B. KENNEDY, B.A.

WITH INTRODUCTION BY CROSSLEY & HUNTER.

"They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters;
These see the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep."

TORONTO:
WILLIAM BRIGGS,
WESLEY BUILDINGS.

C. W. COATES, MONTREAL, QUE. | S. F. HUESTIS, HALIFAX, N.S.
1893.

Entered according to the Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-three, by WILLIAM BRIGGS, Toronto, in the Office of the Minister of Agriculture, at Ottawa.

PREFACE.

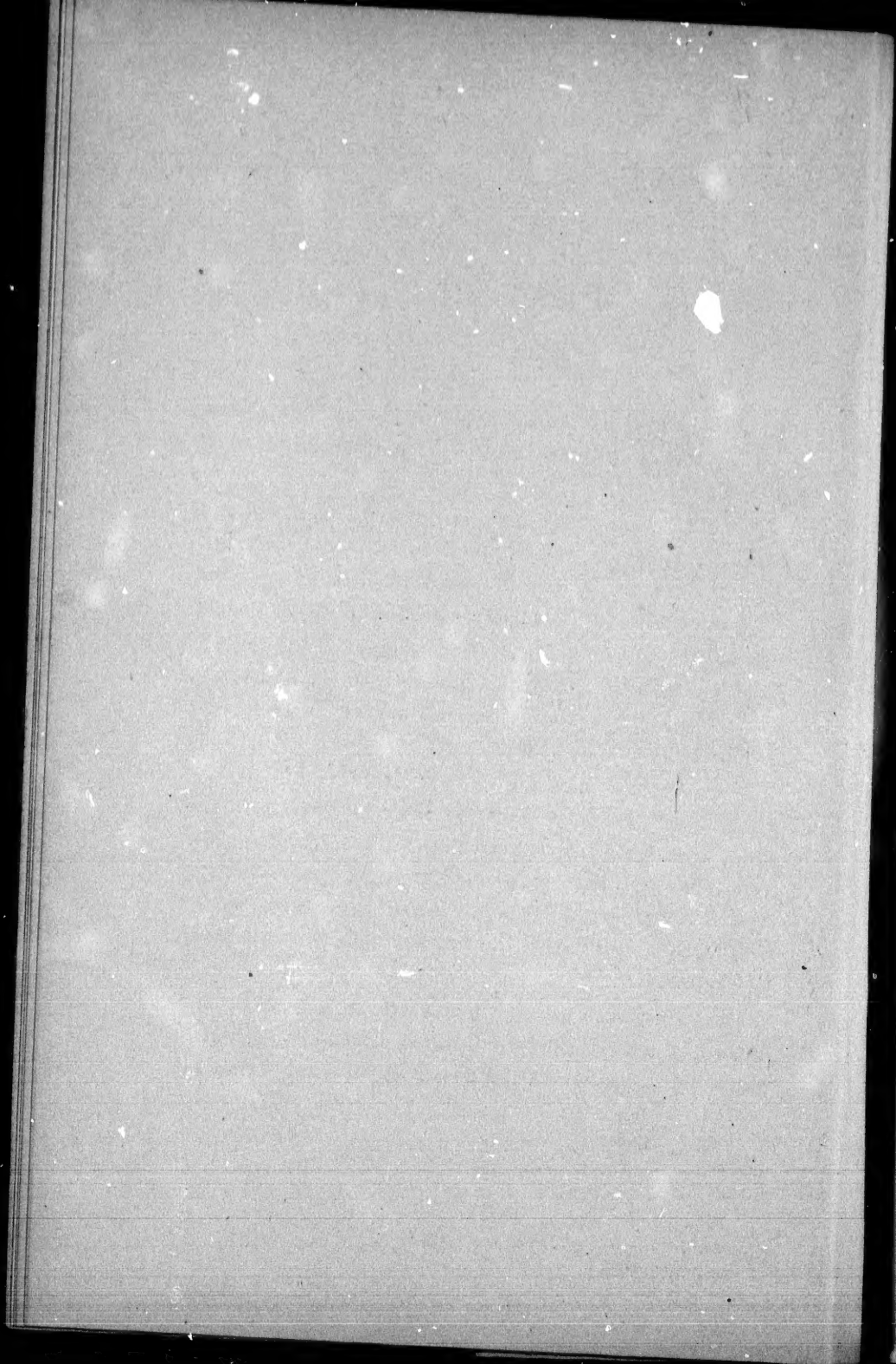
WHY write another book?—when the Earth already groans beneath the ponderous productions of the pen?

BECAUSE each generation, in its voyage on the sea of time, splits on the shelved book rock that has been thrown up by the upheavals of the past. One half revels in the old; the other half says, "Give us something new."

There is only one great question to write about; and books upon that question ought to be multiplied as the leaves of Autumn.

The Author has added a "little one" to the number, in the hope that he may help some in the same boat with himself to make the harbour. Our aim is, to help the reader to that point on the voyage where he emerges from the broad seas that lead to destruction, and enters the narrow channel that leads to life eternal.

We acknowledge our great indebtedness to the author of the Bible—an author and a book, without which this one could never have been written.



a
s
C
t
v
i
t
o
a

INTRODUCTION.

WE have read "Afloat for Eternity," written by our friend and brother, Rev. James B. Kennedy, and have been more than delighted with it.

It is properly named "A Pilgrim's Progress for the Times," as it is up to date on the questions of modern amusements, thought, and life.

The book is certainly original and unique in conception and style. Again and again, while reading it together, we said, "That is a clever book, and splendidly written."

No person can tell, from reading the book, to what Church the author belongs, though some might think that the character, "Mr. Holdfast," leaned a little towards Calvinism, and attempted to solve some few questions that are inexplicable.

If a person were disposed, in a few particulars, to criticize the work, he would be constrained to add, "But it is an original, practical, forceful production, and has interested and benefited me."

INTRODUCTION.

Christians of all Churches will find in the book that which will amuse, encourage, instruct, and inspire them.

The unconverted will be pleasantly carried along by its novel style, and while delighted or reproved, will be influenced to a better or Christian life.

The young people in our Sabbath-schools and homes will be much interested and impressed by the happy mingling of the mysterious and practical, and be inclined to imitate the character called "Little Trustful."

May this dream, like Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, live to influence many for good, long after the author is with the Immortal Dreamer.

CROSSLEY & HUNTER.

St. Thomas, Ont., May, 1893.



AFLOAT FOR ETERNITY.



IT happened that, after arriving in this country, and finding employment at my profession, I was sent on a certain Sunday to report the services at one of our leading churches in the city of

— Being very tired, and the sermon somewhat uninteresting, I fell asleep, and dreamt a dream. I imagined myself down upon the wharf of the city again, looking for a ship to take a voyage. Meeting a captain, I asked him, "When do you sail, and whither bound?"

He answered, "Our port is Eternity, and we sail to-day."

Said I, "Are you acquainted with the landing at that port, for I have heard that it is very difficult to get into the harbour."

"As for that," said he, "no sailor or passenger has ever returned to tell how the landing was made. We are all as ignorant of the landing as yourself,

save that we have on board charts drawn up by certain great captains, who profess to have been over these waters some hundreds of years ago. These charts have been placed on board for the comfort and guidance of all voyagers, who must of necessity sail from these shores to the port Eternity."

Now, I saw in my dream that at the mention of the word *necessity*, there approached me two women. I cannot say they were beautiful, for they did not look like anybody or anything I had ever seen before. Moreover, they were enveloped in a dress made of a thin fabric called shadows, with many flounces of the same material, which helped to hide the symmetry of the maidens, as great mists in foggy weather hide the symmetry of a mountain. They looked so much like each other that I took them to be twin sisters. The name of the one was Nature, that of the other, Fixed Law. The one playfully held her hands over my eyes, while the other took my hands in hers, and led me on board a ship. Whether or not I had the power to resist, I do not know, but I had not the slightest inclination. I was a willing captive in the hands of the maidens. When their hands were removed, I found myself on board the ship. My first impression was to look back to the place from whence I had come, but I could see nothing, and yet in my dream I remembered that when ships were starting from port on a long voyage, many friends of the passengers came to the wharf to say good-bye. Yes, I was sure I had

also read of fond partings, of long, loving farewells, of sighs, and sobs, and tears, because of the tearing asunder of hearts knit together by ties of blood and friendship—so I felt sad, because I saw no one on the wharf to say “farewell,” or to wave even a handkerchief to me.

While I was thus looking long and anxiously for a friend, I noticed that suddenly the whole region from whence I had come became a complete blank ; no object, either large or small, was visible. Moreover, I thought the darkness of that region was such that neither the sun, nor the moon, nor the stars, nor the electric light had power to make it light, and I said in my dream, “What a region of darkness is this from which I have come !”

Now, I fancied that while I thus mused, the ship moved off, and, as it did so, a passenger came up to make my acquaintance.

“My name,” said he, “is Mr. Friendly ; I came from the town of Good-nature ; what is your name, and where did you come from ?”

“I can tell you my name,” said I, “but the name of the place from which I have come I do not know.”

Then I related to him the circumstances under which I came on board, and how I was sad and perplexed after getting on board.

“Come,” said he, “and I will introduce you to Mr. Greathead, the Philosopher. He came from the town of Know-it-all, in the place where wisdom dwelleth. I am sure you will be pleased to meet

with him, and he will be pleased to tell you anything you want to know." So he mentioned me to Mr. Greathead, telling him I had just come on board, and that I was somewhat perplexed about the region from which I had come.

Mr. Greathead took off his spectacles to look at me, and then began by saying, "You have just come on board, have you?"

"Yes, sir," said I.

"And you want to know something of the region from which you have come," said he. "Well, look at that coast line! You see in its outline it is just barely visible. The name of that coast line is Memory; beyond that, you see, all is total darkness."

"Yes, sir, I see it," said I.

"Those regions," said he, "are called the Unaccountable Regions. What you did when you were there, is of no account whatever. Neither can you ever get back there again. The name of this ship is, the 'Ever-Onward.' The waters upon which she sails are called the Floods of Time. The port to which she is bound is called Eternity. Now that the twin sisters have led you on, you never can get off until the ship arrives at port. My advice is, 'make the acquaintance of the people on board;' they are called the people of one generation, and you had better study the charts with reference to landing at the port, for not one of the passengers or crew has ever been over these waters before; so

they are all as ignorant of where they are going, or when they will land, as yourself, save what they have read in the charts."

For some time, I stood in silence, wondering at what I had heard, and sad at heart that I could never get back to the place from whence I had come. But while I was thus reflecting, I saw in my dream two passengers coming toward me. They looked like brother and sister, and such they proved to be. They said, "We are known on board the ship by the names of Expectation and Hope."

They did not attempt to advise me, as they were not much older than myself, but they spoke such cheering words, and their presence was so delightful, that I began to think that a voyage in such company might become more pleasant than anything I had left behind. So after they had passed on, I began to move around to see what I could see, at the same time resolving that I would make the best of everything and be content with things generally, for I said within myself, "What else can I do? I do not carry the ship, but the ship carries me. I cannot change her course, and if I could, I do not know where to head her to, so I will be content with my lot, and I will begin at once to make observations, and the acquaintance of the passengers and crew."

But I had not gone far when an official met me—a Mr. Class-distinction. He looked at me, and said, "'Cabin,' 'Intermediate,' or, 'Steerage.'"

I looked at him in amazement, wondering what he meant.

"Then," said he, "I am Steward of this vessel, and I want to know how you are going."

"I don't know," said I. "All I know about it, is what the Philosopher told me, and he told me I was going through to the port Eternity."

"Have you any baggage?" said he.

"Nothing," said I, "but my clothes, my faculties, and a note-book and pencil."

"Oh! then," said he, "you are a reporter, come with me!" And he led me to a berth, where I found two narrow beds, one above the other, and a wash-stand, all in the same little room.

"I have put you," said he, "amongst the intermediate passengers, but being a reporter, you will have the privilege that belongs to your profession, you can go where you please on board the ship."

At this I was delighted, and as soon as he left me I began to make observations and draft plans for the future.

I thought in my dream, that I would go out and mingle among the passengers to see what they were like, and to hear what they were talking about. So I went upon deck, and made towards the prow of the vessel, expecting to get a fine view of the expanse of waters over which we were sailing, between the ship's prow and the horizon. But, to my astonishment, the horizon seemed to be stretched right across in front of the prow of the ship, and to

recede exactly at the same rate of speed, as that at which we were going. I felt disappointed and somewhat frightened, to think that the horizon should hang over the prow of the vessel like a great fog; and I was about to ask a passenger why they did not sound the fog horn, as I remembered in my dream having heard the sound of the fog horn at such times. But before I had time to speak, the Philosopher, Mr. Greathead, to whom I had been introduced by Mr. Friendly, happening to be standing near by stepped up to me and said, "Young man, you are not a little amazed, because in these waters, the horizon hangs just in front of the prow of the vessel. That horizon is called 'the boundary line where the present meets the future.'"

"But," said I, "why do they not sound the fog horn?"

"Because," said he, "the ships in these waters are all going in the same direction, and going as they do for the most part by the force of the current, and being of equal weight and draught, they all move at the same rate of speed. There is never any danger from meeting, or crossing the bows of other ships."

On hearing this, I felt quite relieved, and immediately began to observe my fellow-passengers. I asked Mr. Greathead, "What passengers are these?"

"These," said Mr. Greathead, "are the steerage passengers; they are confined to the forward part of the ship. Come," said he, "and we will take a

walk among them, and I will tell you more about them after we have ended our walk."

So I accompanied him, not saying a word, but keeping my eyes open.

I saw men in the bloom of youth, others in the vigour of manhood, others in the weakness of old age. Amongst them mingled the women and children of all ages and sizes. They were in all attitudes, running, walking, sitting, standing, reclining, laughing, weeping, talking, joking, shouting, whispering, serious, sedate, solemn, melancholy, and silent. As I passed amongst them, I heard snatches of their conversation. Such words as "church," "religion," "government," "love," "trade," "marriage," "war," "strikes," and the "weather," reached my ears quite frequently. Some spoke in languages that I did not understand. All that were able to work seemed busy at something. Some were preparing fuel for the fires; others, food for the children; others were making or mending clothes; others waiting on the sick; others teaching the children; others making or mending tools; others washing and scrubbing and ironing. But I noticed some were drunk, and some sick, and some crazy.

As I looked at the multitude before me, and saw the difference in their condition, and attitude, and looks, and way of doing things, and heard their divers tongues, I said to the Philosopher, "Are these all human?"

"Yes," said he, "the human being is a many-

sided creature—more so than any of the forms of life you will meet with on your way to Eternity.”

Then he made to me the following speech, which I did not understand; but I thought in my dream that I took it down in my note-book, in the hope that I would understand it some time, or meet with some one who could explain it.

“There,” said he, “is that drop of water,” pointing to a drop on the railing. (We happened to have now turned our backs to the passengers, and were looking out across the railing over the waters beyond.) “The great expanse of water over which we are sailing is made up of drops of water just like that one. The constituent parts of the drop of water always remain the same—eight parts of oxygen to one of hydrogen—but the outward appearance is changed by contingent circumstances. For example, look at the drop of water as it mingles with other drops, and is made to roll over by the wind. See how it becomes white, and the poets call it a white-crested billow. See it again as it is dashed upward by the prow between you and the sunlight. How it shines with all the beauty of the rainbow colours! Now the poet says ‘it sparkles in the sunlight.’ See it again, as it rises in vapour toward heaven, and forms a dark cloud, sufficient to hide the light of the sun. Then it is driven by the winds to where it hovers over the valleys and the mountain tops, where it is condensed by the cold, and descends in rain drops, and runs down the mountain side in

rills, then rolls through the valleys in broad rivers until it again mingles with the waters of this mighty ocean from whence it came. So it is with humanity ! It is made up of individual drops, the constituent parts of which always remain the same. Eight parts of matter to one of Spirit make the individual. But contingent circumstances change his appearance. He mingles with others and becomes a wave. The winds of prosperity and adversity roll them together as an heap. Some go down and become dark, dull and blue in the trough of the sea, while others, rolling over them in the race, ride high on the wave, so that the light shines through them and reveals more fully the characteristics of the individual. The prow of noble or ignoble birth tosses others apart from their fellows, where they sparkle in the sunlight of the world's opinion, until the light or dark shades of their characters are reflected on the memory of the age in which they have lived. But length of days causes all alike to ascend upward from the cradle of humanity's deep, unknown sea ; while ambition, like a mighty wind, wafts some over the mountain top of exaltation, and others over the valley of humiliation, until chilling old age condenses their constituent parts, and they return to the realm of spirit and matter from whence they came."

Such was his speech ! After he had spoken, I thought in my dream he looked at me to see if he could make out what effect it had produced. I suppose he saw from my bewildered looks that I did

not understand it, and so his look of inquiry changed into a look of pity, and he began to talk, as I thought, more sensibly.

He said, "These passengers are placed by contingent circumstances in different positions, that they might reflect the many-sided nature of humanity. Some are born poor, that they might show that there is in man a spirit of ambition, to rise to a position of wealth and eminence. You see, many of these are working hard to get money, so that they can buy a pass to take them in amongst the intermediate passengers. Then they will try to work their way into the cabin. If they get there, they will look to see if there is not something still greater for their restless ambition to grasp, and when they find there is not, they will most likely become listless, or melancholy, or sour, and growl at Neptune for only putting three apartments in a ship, when there ought to have been eight or ten. Or, if this does not happen, they may take to drinking wine and feasting, in which case they will gradually become dull, heavy, and sordid, so that the voyage to them will become wearisome. Or, it may be possible, that they will become contented, and take to doing good, and return here to visit, and cheer, and help their former companions. Others, again, are born rich, that they might show that there is a spirit in man that causes him to gravitate downward from the cabin to the steerage. Look at that fish jumping out of the water! It required on the part of the

fish, to make the ascending part of the leap, determination, energy, and fixedness of purpose ; but, for the descending part, it required nothing, only the law of gravitation. So it is with passengers that have been born in the cabin ! It required determination, energy, and fixedness of purpose on the part of their forefathers, in order that they should have been born there ; but it requires nothing on their part, only the spirit of gravitation, in order that they may get to the steerage. Thus, you see, many of those that are here now were once in the cabin, and when you come to the cabin, you will find many there who were once in the steerage."

Here I interrupted him by saying, "Can you tell me, Mr. Greathead, what is this spirit of gravitation and ambition that you say is in the passengers ?"

Said he, "That is rather a difficult question, and I might answer it the way most philosophers answer such questions ?"

"How is that ?" said I.

By covering up some idea that they have about the thing in long, high-sounding, unintelligible words, so as to make the answer appear to have in it the mystery of the thing itself, and thus the questioner hears what he thinks is an answer to his question, and the philosopher disguises the ignorance of his mind in the sounds that come from his mouth, and so both are satisfied. Or, I might answer it according to common sense, and tell you in plain language,

not what it is, but what I think about it. Ambition is restlessness of the soul, arising from its being dissatisfied with present circumstances and surroundings.

"And what is the soul?" said I.

"That part of man," said he, "that remains after all the matter is taken away."

"Then," said I, "ambition is restlessness of that part of man that remains after all the matter is taken away."

"Just so," said he. Then, he stroked down his long beard with his hand, and made me the following speech about the soul:

"The soul! The soul!" said he. And stretching himself to his greatest length, as if he were determined to get above his subject, he opened his mouth and spoke as follows: "The soul is the 'I am that I am' of this Divine-human being, the inhabitant of this earthly tabernacle. It is autocratic in its government, self-willed in its disposition, refuses to wear a shroud, and will not go into a coffin, and has never been found in the deep, dark gloom of the grave. Like a sentinel commanding a fortress, it commands and serves in turn. It shuts the doors of its habitation at night, yet lies not down to sleep. It opens them in the morning, yet never crosses their threshold until it crosses never to return. It orders its attendants, and they give willing obedience. But what it is? Call it a spark from the inextinguishable fire—call it a current from the ever-

rolling, unfathomable river—call it a drop of immortal dew that has settled from the eternal heavens upon the frail, human leaf—call it what you will, and it will only respond, ‘I am that I am,’ and keeps its secret within its own bosom, ‘a stranger intermeddleth not therewith.’ So we will not disguise our ignorance in high-sounding words. The soul is, it was, and will be. Ambition is its restlessness arising from present surroundings and circumstances.”

“Then,” said I, “what is gravitation?”

“Gravitation,” said he, “is the absence of ambition, the same as darkness is the absence of light. And now, young man,” said he, “I hope you understand how the passengers on this ship are constantly changing places.”

“But,” said he, “before we leave this subject, I ought to mention that there is another cause for this change, which, though not so constant in its operation, is often attended with more sudden and sweeping results than the constant cause. I mean the misfortunes or accidents that happen to voyagers on board this ship—things that happen which it were beyond the power of human wisdom or foresight to predict or prevent.”

Now, for some time previous in my dream, I saw that a storm was coming up, and just at this moment I saw a flash of lightning, and I thought I heard the mizzen topmast coming down with a crash.

“There,” said he, “is an illustration of what I

mean. Not one of these passengers could have predicted that the lightning was going to strike that mast, and now you see what confusion and disorder it has made on board. Hear the captain giving orders! See them running to and fro! Now, hear them shouting, 'Haul away there!' Most likely, before the damage is repaired, some of the crew will be promoted for their skill and bravery, whereas others will go down in the estimation of the captain. So it is, these misfortunes often brace some of the passengers and spur them on, whilst the same thing happening to others, will cause them to lose courage and lag behind, and gravitate to the steerage. But there are misfortunes so weighty that even the most stout-hearted cannot stand against them. So you will observe from this, that the soul has not its destiny within its own grasp, as the helmsman has the wheel; but there is another 'I Am' that has to do with this voyage—the One who controls these misfortunes."

"Do you mean," said I, "the One who aimed the lightning's flash?"

"Yes," said he, "but I do not care much to speak of Him on this voyage, as it is not exactly in my line; besides, there are two gentlemen on board, the one a Mr. Theologus from Bible-land, the other a Mr. Preacher from Gospel Town, who can tell you all about Him and His way of working. They and I are on speaking terms, and when they come this way I will introduce you to them, and, no doubt,

they will be pleased to give you any information you desire about the One who manufactures all the lightnings and thunders, and tornadoes and earthquakes, and swift currents and high seas, and other things of nature that will be used up in accidents during this voyage."

He had scarcely finished speaking when I saw in my dream two men coming along the deck in the direction where we were standing, I knew at a glance that they were not steerage passengers, for their dress was different. Instead of the loose, coarse material, almost universally worn by the steerage passengers, they wore clothing of fine texture, which fitted their bodies neatly. Besides, as they walked along, I noticed that the expression of their countenances was different from that of the ordinary steerage passengers. They seemed to be in deep thought upon things far away, and only glanced occasionally upon their companions in travel. They held their hands behind their backs, keeping step as they walked, with their eyes for the most part on the planks of the deck, or looking heavenward. But, suddenly, something to windward attracted their attention, and they stopped and turned round, looking far out upon the sea, where the storm, which had just passed over us, was raging. I took this opportunity to direct the attention of the Philosopher to them.

Glancing in their direction, he said:

"How fortunate! That is Mr. Theologus from

Bible-land, and Mr. Preacher from Gospel Town. It is their usual hour for promenading the deck. They will be sure to pass here in going round the deck, when I will introduce you."

We stood waiting, and presently the two gentlemen came along, and I was introduced with the remark, "The young gentleman wants to know something about the Great '*I Am*.' I suppose either of you gentlemen can enlighten him on that subject."

"Yes," said Mr. Theologus, "we can tell him about the sovereignty, and the omniscience, and the omnipresence of the Great Eternal, provided he will come to our school and enter our classes in theology."

"Perhaps," said the Preacher, "the young man has not yet been converted, and therefore could not discern the things of God, even if he were to attend your classes for instruction in theology."

"Perhaps not," said Mr. Theologus. "You had better speak with him on that all-important subject."

"Have you been converted, young man?" said the Preacher.

To whom I replied, "I do not know what you mean by being converted."

"You see this ship," said he. "It is going in a northerly direction with the ocean current. If it were to turn round, and go the other way against the current, it would be converted."

"Then," said I, "I have not been converted, for

so far as I can recollect, I have always been going this way, with the ship, and with the current."

Said he, "Would you like me to talk with you upon this subject of conversion?"

"No objections!" said I. So he took my arm, and we walked some little distance from Mr. Theologus and Mr. Greathead, and he became quite serious, much more so than I, for I must confess, I was disposed to treat the subject rather lightly. I cannot remember all he said to me, but I will relate that part of the conversation which so deeply impressed me, that I remembered it afterwards. What first caused me to think a little seriously was the statement, "Do you not know," said he, "that you are a great sinner, and that you need to be born again?"

I said, "I do not think I am a great anything, for I am only a reporter."

"Yes," said he, "you are a great sinner."

To which I replied, "What have I done on board this ship to make me a great sinner? Have I not been out of my berth at the sound of the gong? And have I not been punctual at my meals? What passenger have I insulted? And from whom have I stolen anything?" I might have gone on protesting my innocence, but he stopped me by saying, "You have sinned against God, the Bible says so," and with that he pulled a book out of his pocket and said, "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God." "That means," said he, "all on

this voyage. And if that does not satisfy you," said he, "listen to this. 'The carnal mind is enmity against God, is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be.'" Then he read other portions of the book, about "Believing in Christ, and getting eternal life, and going to Heaven at the end of the voyage."

All of this was new to me, and so I was at a loss to know what reply to make, and he looked at me, evidently expecting me to say something. I only smiled, when he looked at me rather severely, and said, "Young man, what shall it profit a man should he gain the whole world, and lose his soul?"

"Then," I said, "you seem to be very much in earnest over this business."

"Yes," said he, "and if you were not blinded by the 'god of this world,' you would be in earnest too. Remember," he said, "this ship is likely to come to the end of the voyage any time; and if you are not saved, you will go to Hell."

"Well," I said, "I do feel a little uneasy about that cloud that hangs in front of the prow of the ship."

"But," said he, "the eye of faith can see through that cloud, to the regions beyond."

"Well," I said, "you are the first man I have met on this voyage, that has hinted there was a possibility of seeing through that cloudy horizon to the regions beyond, and I have talked with Mr. Great-

head, the Philosopher, about it, and with several others. Have you the eye of faith?"

"Glory be to God," said he, "I have."

"Then, tell me," said I, "what is beyond the cloud, for I do confess I have had not a little curiosity, and some fear, since I came on board, as to what is beyond that horizon."

"The eye of faith," said he, "is able to understand the chart of these waters which I have here" (pulling out his Bible, and opening it again).

When he mentioned "chart," I remembered that on coming on board, some one had said something to me about 'studying the charts,' but I did not interrupt him. I was anxious to hear about the chart, and the regions beyond; so I said, "Tell me all about it."

"This chart," said he, "has a place marked, 'Sunken Reefs,' beyond which no ship has ever been able to pass. The ocean there becomes so narrow, that the place is called, 'Death's Narrows,' upon which is built the city of Tombs' Town. The reefs run right across the channel, and are called, 'Ills-which-flesh-is-heir-to.' Scattered all around are the wrecks of the ships that have sailed over these waters. The chart points this place out, as the place on the voyage where all must suffer shipwreck. All the ships that have preceded us were wrecked here; and all their passengers had to contend with the floods except two. One belonged to the antediluvian age; his name was Enoch. He was a

passenger on board, and then he was not a passenger, for, before the ship struck the 'Sunken Reefs,' God took him off. Having been well pleased with his conduct on the voyage, He did not permit him to suffer shipwreck. Then there was another called Elijah, who belonged to the postdiluvian period. God met the ship upon which he was sailing with a chariot and horses of fire, and took him off; and he went up in a whirlwind to a place of safety, and his fellow-passengers saw him no more. But nothing is more certain, than that we shall have to contend with the floods that rage around the 'Sunken Reefs,' for the ship will there surely go to pieces, and leave us struggling alone in the darkness and in the waters, for the ships all arrive at this point in the dead of night, and it is very dark, except to those who have the eye of faith. In that darkness, and around those sunken reefs, every passenger will have to navigate 'Death's Narrows,' and then will everyone's ability and knowledge of navigation be put to the test.

"There will be such a pressure from the great floods behind rushing into such a narrow channel and amongst so many huge rocks and reefs, that all will be stripped of their bodies and other baggage that they may have with them on board; and bodies and baggage will be left in Tombs' Town, but their spirits will go on with the current which here is swifter than the eagle's wing. In a moment all will be swept down to a headland called 'The World-

to-come Promontory,' which here juts out boldly into the floods of time, and causes the waters to divide, part going to the right, and part to the left of the 'World-to-come.' On this promontory is a lighthouse, which was built by Him who said: 'I am the light of the world; he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness.' Those that have the eye of faith, inasmuch as they have been following Him on the voyage, will see the light which shines on the right shore of the promontory; and each will cry: 'Save me, O God; for the floods have come in unto my soul.' Then shall they hear a voice saying: 'When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee: and through the floods, they shall not overflow thee.' Seeing the light and hearing the voice, they will take to the right of the promontory, where they will find a good landing place, and guides in shining garments waiting to conduct them to a great city and into the presence of the King of these dominions, who will bid them welcome, entertain them with a sumptuous feast, after which they will rest from their long and perilous voyage. But those who have not the eye of faith will see no light, neither will they hear a voice; so they will be swept down in the darkness to the left of the promontory, where the coast is very steep and rugged, in consequence of which there is no possibility of a landing; and so, on they will be carried by the resistless current to a place called Hell, where

weeping and wailing abound, for this is a place of torment in the World-to-come."

"From your description," said I, "one would almost think that you had been over the ground before."

"I have not," said he, "but Jesus, the Captain of my salvation, has, and He has told me in this book (holding up the Bible as he said so), what takes place when the ship strikes the Sunken Reefs. Were I to continue my description," said he, "I would tell you much more. In that shipwreck there will be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. The passengers will be eating and drinking in the cabin, and there will be marrying and giving in marriage. Everything will be going on 'merry as a marriage bell' when the ship strikes; and then, soon all will find themselves in the floods. Companions will then be separated, and separated forever, for many of those who will be living in the closest intimacy will have to part, when the ship strikes at the 'World-to-come Promontory.'"

While he spoke these words, I saw in my dream that he was looking very earnestly at my countenance, trying, as I thought, to ascertain what impression this somewhat lengthy speech had made upon my mind. As I was afraid that the seriousness I began to feel creeping over me would soon manifest itself in my countenance, and not wanting to let Mr. Preacher see the effect of his words, I determined to change the subject, and so I said: "I will hear

you again upon this subject at some more convenient season," to which he responded: "Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation."

Seeing that he did not wish to talk on any other subject, I turned away, and started walking in the direction of the stairs leading up from the cabin to the deck. While I was musing upon all that I had heard from Mr. Preacher, I was accosted by a passenger who said: "Clear, beautiful weather after the storm?"

"Yes," I responded. Then he asked me my name and where I had come from. I told him what I have already related. Then I asked him similar questions, to which he responded as follows:

"My name is Mr. By-and-by. I came from Tomorrow Town in the country of Neglect. A delightful place to live in," said he. "They take life easy there. They live upon what they are going to do; consequently, they have always plenty of time for idleness and amusement."

Said I: "Have you thought much about this voyage and the landing?"

"Not I," said he, "plenty of time for that. Why, look at this wide sea, with scarcely a ripple upon it, now that the storm has subsided. And depend upon it," said he, "we will have a calm after every storm. I hide away in my berth while the storm is raging. Soon as the storm is over, I come forth with smiling face and talk to the passengers, and try to

make them enjoy themselves, seeing that this is their first and last voyage over these waters."

"But," said I, "Mr. By-and-by, what you say is perfectly true concerning the sea. Looking to the right, or to the left, or behind, the sea is wide and smooth; but, are you never troubled about what is ahead, seeing that that cloud hangs across in front of the prow of the ship?"

"As to that," said he, "I used to feel a little alarmed, but I have become accustomed to it; besides, I keep pretty well aft, and look everywhere but towards the prow. You get deeply interested in what is taking place on board back of the prow, and you will soon cease to be anxious about what is beyond that cloud. Live in the present the way I do—do not attempt to get too near the future. Come along," said he, "and I will instruct you in my philosophy."

So I went for a walk with Mr. By-and-by. We started off. He began the conversation by saying, "You look very serious! Have you been talking with one Mr. Preacher?"

"Yes," said I, "we have just been talking about the landing, and about the wreck of the ship that he says 'will take place there,' and about the World-to-come Promontory, and about Tombs' Town and the floods."

"Mr. Preacher," said he, "is always talking about such things, frightening people out of their wits."

"Oh!" said I, "I have not been at all frightened.

I was just beginning to think seriously upon what he said when I met you."

"I am glad, then," said he, "that I met you when I did. Now, listen to me! Mr. Preacher is all right in his way; but he is a man of one idea, rather narrow, you know. He lives too much around that World-to-come Promontory that he talks so much about. Now, I believe in this world—in this ship—I believe in sailing, when we are sailing. Then, I will believe in landing, when we are landing. I will believe in shipwreck, when the ship is going to pieces, and in Tombs' Town when we get there. So when any of these future things or places come up to my mind, I say to myself, 'All right, by and by, Mr. By-and-by will attend to you. You are not here yet. I am; therefore, you can wait, and I will go about my business.' So I go about my business, and I find I have plenty to do. For example, the gong sounds for breakfast; I say, 'Now here is a thing that must be attended to at once, or it will spoil for waiting.' But whoever heard of a shipwreck, or of a landing, or of a World-to-come spoiling for waiting until we get there. I take a cold and have a cough; then I say, 'Here is something that will get worse if it is not attended to at once;' so I procure the medicine, and swallow it; my cough is made better; but we cannot make the world to come any better until we get there—then what is the use of worrying about it. Again, I have an opportunity of talking with a pleasant compan-

ion, such as I have with you, I say, 'This ship is large; I may never be thrown in contact with this individual again; I may say something to help him; I will speak now, lest the opportunity be lost.' I speak; he hears. He is instructed. I am pleased to know that I am doing good now. 'Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation.' Or, as one of the poets has put it, 'Act, act in the living present.' I live in the present, I think in the present, and about the present. I act in the present, and when the World-to-come becomes the present with me, I will look after it. Such is my philosophy, and I think it has the support of that book Mr. Preacher carries round with him in his pocket; for it reads, 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.' Thus, you see, my philosophy supports that book, and that book supports my philosophy. And now that I have given you my philosophy, if it has eased your mind, you will be ready to talk of other things; for having left what is beyond the prow to take care of itself; you will be ready to interest yourself in what is upon this side of the horizon. We might seek some gay company as an antidote to these serious impressions, with which Mr. Preacher has been pricking your soul. Suppose we go down into the cabin! I am acquainted with quite a number of the passengers, to whom I can give you an introduction."

So he led the way to the cabin, I following after. On entering the cabin, a feeling of bewilderment

took possession of me, like that which usually accompanies a dreamer when in his dream there is a change of scene. At such times, objects appear not bold and clearly defined, but rather indistinct and shadowy in outline. More especially was it so in this case, from the fact that the change was down from the bright open sunlight to the dimly lighted, shut-in boundaries of the cabin. Nevertheless, after recovering somewhat from my bewilderment, and getting accustomed to the light, so that as far as possible my eyes adjusted themselves to their surroundings, I fancied I saw before me the gay company to whom I was to be introduced by Mr. By-and-by. I had just time to observe that the room was oblong in shape, with one long table down the centre, and several small tables at the further end, round which were sitting persons arrayed in fine clothing, some reading, others playing cards, or dominos, or dice. Several, also, I noticed, seemed to be writing letters, while at the further end of the room, two young ladies were seated at a piano, evidently preparing to play a duet. I had just time to get this hasty glance of my surroundings, when Mr. By-and-by said: "We will go this way, to the right; you follow me," and so we walked down by the side of the long table.

Few seemed to notice our presence, until we came to a table where four were seated playing cards—two ladies and two gentlemen. Mr. By-and-by said: "Good friends! allow me to introduce to you my

friend. I found him on the deck, rather gloomy, and so I thought an hour in your company, even though it is rather dark in this corner, would bring sunlight to his soul."

And without more ado, he said: "The name of my friend is Mr. Reporter. And this gentleman, Mr. Reporter," said he, "is Mr. Have-a-good-time, from the land of Great Abundance. His father was very wealthy, and the Governor of that country. And this gentleman's name is Mr. Self-indulgence. His father was close-fisted, and Mayor of the town of Save-All. The young ladies' names," said he, "are Miss Flyaway, daughter of Mrs. Gadabout, and Miss Fashionable, daughter of one Mrs. Prim, who comes from the land of The-latest-thing-out."

I shook hands with the gentlemen, bowed to the ladies, then took my seat on the chair that Mr. By-and-by drew up for me to sit upon. He then seated himself opposite me, the others moving down a little to give us room.

"You will take a hand with us," said Mr. Have-a-good-time.

"That we will," said Mr. By-and-by, "and a glass, too."

He seemed perfectly at home in that company, which I confess I did not. Mr. Have-a-good-time beckoned to a waiter, and gave him orders to bring on the wine, and then remarked: "I'll deal out the cards while the wine is coming."

Mr. By-and-by began the conversation by saying:

"Our friend here (referring to me) has run across the Preacher, and so has become alarmed about the general shipwreck and the World-to-come."

"Is that so?" said Miss Fashionable.

"If I was the Captain," said Miss Flyaway, "I'd throw that Preacher overboard, and let a whale swallow him: he is always talking religion to the people. If he wants to go to Heaven, why cannot he go and let other people alone?"

"I do not think he wants to go very bad," said Mr. Self-indulgence. "I notice he can enjoy a good dinner as well as any of us."

"Here," said Mr. Have-a-good-time, "drink your wine, and never mind the Preacher. He is all right in his place, so is wine. Let us drink to the health of our new friend; let us hope that he may enjoy himself while he is amongst us. And after we get through the game, if he wants a sermon before he goes, I don't know but what I might preach him one myself. You know, my father at one time designated me to the Church, and I don't know but what he would have had me in the pulpit if he had not kept that hogshead of wine in his cellar."

At this they all laughed, and looked at me. I blushed, and felt half ashamed that I had allowed any serious thoughts to enter my mind about my future destiny. It seemed so childish of me, now that I was in such gay company. I was glad when the wine was drunk and they picked up their cards, so that I ceased to be the object of attention. I

took a hand with the others, and the play began. At first, I did not take much interest in the game; but being lucky enough to take a trick or two, my self-admiration was aroused, and my interest in the game increased until I did, indeed, think that around a card table was Heaven begun below. No doubt, also, the stimulating effect of the wine had something to do with the ecstasy of my soul. How quickly the time flew! What with shuffling the cards, and the sparkling wine, and the sparkling eyes of the two young ladies, accompanied with jests and laughter from one and all, it seemed as if my cup of happiness was full to the brim, and I did not want any World-to-come—the card table was enough. We played until very few passengers were left in the cabin. Nearly all had retired for the night, and it was only when the steward turned down the lights, and the bell for the twelve o'clock night-watch sounded, that we rose from the table, bidding each other a hasty "good-night" as we separated to find our berths, after having had such a pleasant time in each other's company.

Upon reaching my berth, I immediately retired for the night, but I did not sleep. I rolled from side to side, thinking of what I had said, and of what he had said, and of what she had said. The card table was laid out in my imagination. It stood upright, it rolled over, it revolved, it wheeled through my mind for several hours, till at last it became a nuisance—a

demon that I wanted to drive away, in order that sleep might take possession of me. At last I slept, and in my dream I dreamt that I was dreaming. Such a vision as I had, of kings and queens, of knights and jacks, of spades, clubs, hearts, diamonds and aces. Sometimes they danced before me on the card table, the kings and the queens swinging their clubs, and the jacks using their spades. Now they came up as warriors for a fight, then they retired that they might drink their wine. I seemed to see the diamonds flashing, and the hearts beating, and the clubs swinging, and the spades digging, all at the same time in general confusion. So great was the commotion of these images within me that my dream rasped the chambers of my soul, and it tired me to sleep; so I awoke in the morning as one that had slept on a mast of the ship, and had been holding on for life all night while the tempest raged.

At the sound of the gong, I went forth as usual to breakfast, but I had a poor appetite, and if I did not feel sea-sick, I felt at least sick of the voyage.

After breakfast, I started for the deck, hoping that the fresh air would brace me up.

When I reached the deck, I saw Mr. Preacher, evidently engaged in meditation and prayer as he paced back and forth, just behind where the cloud crossed in front of the prow of the ship. But remembering the advice of Mr. By-and-by, I determined not to look that way, and so turned my back upon Mr. Preacher and the prow, hoping that in the future

he would not interfere with me, as I did not intend to speak with him. But in turning round, I stumbled against a fellow-passenger who growled out, "Do you want all this ship to yourself?"

"Beg pardon, sir," said I, "I did not mean to—"

"I am Mr. Surly," said he, "from the town of Ill-at-ease, and my rights shall not be trampled upon."

While I was trying to reason with him, two of his friends came up, one Mr. Hardheart, brother to Mr. Closefist, and one Mr. Faultfinder, from the town of Evil Eye.

"What is the row, 'Surly'?" said Mr. Hardheart.

"I have been needlessly jostled by this young vagabond," said Mr. Surly.

"No, gentlemen," said I, "I wished to avoid the Preacher, and so, on turning round, I accidentally stumbled against this man, not intending to do him any hurt."

Whereupon Mr. Faultfinder said: "The Preacher! the Preacher! you wished to avoid? I should think so, if you knew the tribe as well as I do! Why, there is not an honest man amongst them! They prate about a general shipwreck, and salvation, and a World-to-come, and look how they conduct themselves when they are not at prayers or reading their Bibles."

"Yes," said Mr. Hardheart, "if there is anything I abominate it is a hypocrite. He used to bother me about shipwreck and floods, and such bosh, until I

told him that I did not believe a word of it ; and if I was going to consult a chart, I would sooner take Confucius, or the Koran, than his Bible ; so now he lets me alone."

With these remarks Mr. Surly seemed well pleased, and feeling that his wrath had cooled towards me, I entered into the conversation by asking Mr. Faultfinder, if he could prove his assertion about preachers in general.

"Prove it?" said he, "why everybody knows it—just wait, and you will find out for yourself before the end of the voyage."

"He will," said Mr. Hardheart, "if he has any dealings with them. But take my advice," said he, "and give them a wide berth, for all they are after is money."

"They will not get much of ours, will they?" said Mr. Faultfinder.

"No," said Mr. Hardheart, "for I will never pay a man to preach to me what I do not believe in. Think of it," said he, "all this magnificent company lost—going to the wrong side of the Promontory, except the Preacher, and the few that he can get to swallow his nonsense! Why, it is too absurd for anything!"

"Seems to me," said Mr. Faultfinder, "that the best of the company would be lost."

"I should think so," said Mr. Hardheart. "And do you suppose that the Great Governor, unless He is a fire fiend, would have these waters turned into

liquid fire, that He might boil us poor mortals as the cook boils the carrots? If He does—why, I'll boil."

He spoke this last sentence with such vehemence, that he attracted the attention of one Mr. Sceptic, and one Mr. Agnostic; the former, from the town of Shallow-water, in the land of Bluster; the latter, from the city of Profundity, capital of the Incomprehensible country.

They seemed by instinct to know what the conversation was about, and also to be on intimate terms with those who were conversing, for without waiting for any introduction, Mr. Sceptic plunged into the conversation by saying, "There is no Great Governor, nor no hereafter either. I have sifted this thing to the bottom, and none of you need be uneasy about the ravings of the Preacher. When the ship strikes, that will be the last of the Preacher, and the last of us, too, except that the shark that swallows our friend 'Surly' will have as bad a fit of indigestion as the whale that swallowed Jonah."

A laugh followed this speech of Mr. Sceptic, and then Mr. Agnostic spoke as follows:

"Gentlemen, I perceive by your conversation that you have again been meddling with things too profound for you. How can a man with such a short neck as Mr. Hardheart look over the moon? Or one with such a short arm as Mr. Surly scratch the gravel at the bottom of this great, deep sea? As well might any one attempt to make certainty out of the things that are beyond that horizon, which the prow

of our noble ship presses against with the present moment. No, gentlemen: if these things that Mr. Preacher talks about are, or are to be, the Great Architect—if Great Architect there be, of our mortal frame—has not constructed us with capacity to take their bearings. The latitude and longitude of these things are only the imaginary lines in the imagination of the imaginary Preacher. Give names to ideas, and give them to the unthinking multitude, and they will invest them with solidity and habitation; and so we have our gods, our shipwrecks, and our worlds-to-come. Nevertheless, gentlemen, since we cannot deny the fact, that the wing of time is constantly bringing the unknowable within the regions of the knowable; and since the progress of our ship northward is nightly making us familiar with strange stars, my advice is, to keep on good terms with the powers that turn the wheels of progress, and then you can safely leave destiny to take care of itself. See that you behave yourselves; keep sober, hurt neither gods nor men, so that against you they can hold no grudge."

"That is what we mean to do," said "Surly," "and stand up for our rights, too, like men."

"You admit, then," said I, "that there is a possibility of these things that Mr. Preacher talks of becoming real?"

"Yes," said Mr. Agnostic, "just as there is a possibility of any imaginary thing becoming real. Sailing over these unknown waters, we may imagine a

new island to-day, and to-morrow see it away to the right or left of the ship. All that I say is, We cannot know the island till we see it. In like manner, we may imagine a god to-day, and to-morrow morning wake up and find that he has taken possession of the deck of this vessel; but we cannot know him, and are not accountable to him, until we see him on the deck giving his orders. My idea is, to so order myself that I would not have to change my conduct if the new Captain that Mr. Preacher talks about took the control of the ship."

"Do you think," said I, "that this admitting of a possibility of a superior power tends to control passengers in their actions as much as the belief in the reality?"

"Not," said he, "if the passenger is one of strong appetites and passions like some of my friends here. Such passengers, especially when the sailing is smooth, become reckless, and indulge in over-eating and drinking, and revile the gods, and keep late hours, bringing themselves into an unhealthy state of body and mind; besides, giving great annoyance to the captain, the crew, and their fellow-passengers."

"Might I ask, Mr. Agnostic, if you have studied the charts of these waters sufficiently to know what they say about this voyage and the landing?"

"I cannot say," said he, "that I have deeply studied them, but I have read them over with the same interest that I have read other books about the

voyagers that sailed over these waters many centuries ago. You know, to the mind's eye, time and space enlarge the object, whereas, to the bodily eye, the contrary is the fact. I take the dimensions of things as they are presented to me through the bodily eye, but those that are presented to me, that have come through the mental eye of some hero-worshipper of the past, I take at a large discount upon their current value with the multitude. So you will excuse me if I am somewhat sceptical about all these charts. My opinion is, that relying upon our own good judgment, and keeping our nerves steady, with our wits about us, and courage in our hearts, we will make this voyage safely—just as well as if we had not a chart on board. I am my own chart and compass. Within myself I find my latitude and longitude for this world and the World-to-come. As the needle points so I steer, and I have not yet gone on a sandbar or struck a dangerous reef."

"But here comes Mr. Have-a-good-time. Let us hear what he has to say upon what is behind the horizon."

Mr. Have-a-good-time, being spoken to, replied: "What I have to say is, that we go aft and clear the deck for a game of shuffle-board."

To this I saw in my dream that they all agreed; and Mr. Have-a-good-time said to me: "You will go along with us, too. I suppose you do not feel any the worse for the card table last night?"

"Oh, no," said I, "nothing the worse;" so away I went with my new acquaintances to have a game.

The deck was soon cleared, and Mr. Have-a-good-time procured the instruments necessary for the game; and then took the chalk and drew the line, saying: "We will shove this way and not against the wind," drawing the lines pretty well forward on the after part of the deck. Then he gave to each his cue, which all accepted but "Surly," who said he did not want to play, he would look on. Whereupon Mr. Hardheart said he did not want to play either, but he would keep tally.

It was a beautiful day—just wind enough to curl the surface of the waters—and the sun shone brightly. Under the exhilarating excitement of the game, and the tonic of the fresh clear air, feet and hands became nimble, animal spirits boiled and bubbled over in jests and laughter. Though I did not attempt to cause a laugh, yet I came in for my share of the burden of light jokes which were laid upon me, because the company evidently thought I was oppressed with a feeling of a World-to-come. Once, when I overshot the chalk mark a considerable distance, Mr. Have-a-good-time said: "I see you are aiming to get into the World-to-come."

"He will count for more," said Mr. Agnostic, "if he keeps on this side of the chalk line."

Again, when, occupying a good position, I was knocked out by Mr. Sceptic, he said: "I knocked him to the wrong side of the Promontory—he will

have to go down the floods with the rest of us"—and so on. These are samples of the jests I had to endure, apparently innocent in themselves; nevertheless, they made me again resolve that I would in the future keep to myself all serious impressions I might have about the things that were talked of by the Preacher.

The game, however, on the whole, was enjoyable; and when the gong sounded for dinner, I felt that I could do justice to the "good things," of which there seemed to be ample abundance on board the ship. While going down to dinner, Mr. Have-a-good-time said to me, "I want you to join us in a dance after dinner. The weather is fine, and the ladies will come up on deck, and we will have a jolly time."

I replied, "I do not know how to dance."

"Never mind," said he, "I'll get you a partner that will put you through."

So the next thing I saw in my dream, was the deck cleared for a dance, in which I was to take part.

"Choose your partners," said Mr. Have-a-good-time, "for an eight-hand reel." Then he brought a young lady to me, introducing me to her as one Miss Graceful, from the town of Tripwell, who had consented to be my partner, and to instruct me in the beautiful and bewitching art of dancing. One Mr. Dandy, from Toilet Town, chose a Miss Gaiety, heiress of Looking-glass Hall, in the county of Fixup. A Mr. Upstart, from Boom Town, chose a

Miss Giggle, from Don't-care-lane, in the city of Do-as-you-please. A Mr. Coxcomb chose a Miss Flash, from the village of Flareup, in the Tinder-box country, while Mr. Have-a-good-time took a Miss Frivolous, from Lighthouse Point, a summer resort in Bountiful Land.

We stood facing each other, while old Mr. Harmony tuned his fiddle. Then the dance began, Mr. Have-a-good-time "called off." Miss Graceful guided me through the various movements. It was "right and left," "swing," "balance," "cross over," and so on. As it proceeded, and as I became better able to do the right thing at the right time, and in the right way, to me it became more delightful. The charm seemed to be in so many feet and hands and eyes keeping time to the same music. It was as if eight bodies were animated with one soul, and that one a soul of musical sounds.

A great many of the passengers gathered round to look at the dance, some with sparkling eyes, waiting until their turn would come, others with grave faces upon which you could read, "Our dancing days are over." Others, again, viewed it, wearing a solemn expression of countenance. Amongst this latter class was Mr. Preacher, whom I noticed coming up, looking on a for a time, and then going away, muttering something to himself like "*Vanitas vanitatum, omnia est vanitas.*" I knew enough of Latin to know that this meant "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity," yet I did not think so. I thought a

dance to that sweet music, and in company with those young ladies, was anything but vanity.

For a long time the weather was fine, and the cabin passengers had many games. It seemed to me in my dream that years must have passed, while I enjoyed myself in the foregoing manner—sometimes a game of cards, then a dance, then a game at shuffle-board. During all this time I kept pretty well aft. Occasionally a thought would come across my mind about the voyage and the landing, and what had been said by Mr. Preacher. But it was soon crowded out by some game or other, or by the conversation of such passengers as Mr. By-and-by, or Mr. Have-a-good-time, or Mr. Agnostic. I liked the company of these gentlemen—liked their happy-go-lucky way of living—especially when I was in their company; but upon leaving their company and their games, it seemed to me as if the problem of the prow and the horizon in front of it sat heavier than ever upon me. I did not want the ship to strike when I was at the card table or in the dance, as I thought it would not be the best time, or the best place, from which to go forth to look for lights and to wrestle with waves, in order to safely reach the harbour.

So, in my dream, it seemed as if every feast of delights had to be followed with a little famine of despondency—a time when my soul had no relish for anything except to feed upon itself, or set up danger signals for me to look at.

During one of these despondent moods, I was startled by a rap at my cabin door, and upon opening it, there stood Mr. Preacher. I invited him in, as I did not object to being in his company, especially as we would be unobserved by any of the other passengers. He took a seat and asked me, "How is it with your soul, to-day?"

"Rather dull," said I; "how is it with yours?"

"I am happy in Jesus," said he, "and I thought I would come round and have a little talk with you, as I have felt a deep interest in you ever since that day we met on deck. But," said he (turning his eyes upon me and looking me in the face), "have you not been trying to avoid me of late?"

I confessed that I had, told him what I have already related of the conversations I had had with Mr. By-and-by, and Mr. Have-a-good-time, and Mr. Sceptic, and the others.

"Yes," said he, "all who try to avoid me are sure to get into that company. Your new friends gave you their opinion of me. Let me answer for myself, and give you my opinion of them:

"As for Mr. By-and-by, he is a time thief, and steals from the present what he can never replace in the future. My chart tells me to beware of him; that he is sure to be met with on this voyage. He pretends to dispel the fears of passengers by getting them to turn their eyes from the prow of the vessel, and then amuses them with his philosophy, which is the more dangerous because it has in it a little

truth and apparently much worldly wisdom. But my chart warns me that this philosophy is very provoking to the Great High Admiral of these seas, and to His Son, the Great Captain of our salvation, who navigated these waters many centuries ago, and has left for our guidance the Chart.

"As for Mr. Have-a-good-time, my chart also warns me against him. His father is one of those in the chart who heaped up treasure for the last days. Now, the son lives in pleasure on board this ship, and is wanton. In this life only he has hope, so he says to all on board, 'Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die.'

"As to Mr. Self-indulgence, there is a report in the chart of one like him who made the voyage long, long ago. While on the voyage, he fared sumptuously every day. When the ship struck, he went to the wrong side of the promontory, and so passed on to Hell, in which place he was when our Great Captain made the voyage.

"The Misses Fashionable and Flyaway are those that are described in the chart as living in pleasure, and so are dead while they live, that is, they are dead to the calls and the claims of their higher nature.

"Mr. Faultfinder is the one that I read about in the chart, who strains at gnats and swallows a camel. His father, in his day, used to go round with a beam in his eye, saying to the passengers that he met, 'Let me pull out the mote out of your eye.'

"Mr. Hardheart is one of those described in the chart whose heart has waxed gross. His eyes are closed to the good. He sees only the evil because he looks only for the evil. His ears are dull of hearing a call to repentance, because his conscience is seared as with a hot iron. For a long time his heart was a great hive of evil thoughts—adulteries, fornications, murders, thefts, deceits, and such like. The weight of all this sin upon it made it sodden, so that good seed could not take root in it; hence it now brings forth only what is evil. My actions appear evil to him, because when he looks at me he only sees the evil in himself.

"Mr. Sceptic is the man who is described in my chart as the fool, who has said in his heart, 'There is no God.' He revels now in a kind of a fool's paradise, because he thinks he will never be called to give an account of any of his actions, so he has become quite reckless in his conduct.

"Mr. Agnostic is the one of whom I read this morning at my morning's devotions: 'The words of his mouth were smoother than butter, but war was in his heart: his words were softer than oil, yet were they drawn swords.' He told you we could not know anything about what was beyond the prow of the vessel, insinuated that the charts were no good. But my chart tells me that we can know, and that we do know, what shall happen in the great shipwreck. It will be made known to us if we follow Him who is the Light of the world. But

the difficulty with all these with whom you have been associating is, they do not follow Him, and do not want to follow Him, because they do not wish to confine themselves to His narrow way.

"They hate me, and make fun, and mock me behind my back, but mark my words: 'All that hate me on this voyage love death.' If you will listen, I will read you a general description of such passengers from my chart so that you may know them when you meet them:

"'But chiefly them that walk after the flesh in the lust of uncleanness and despise government. Presumptuous are they, self-willed, they are not afraid to speak evil of dignities. Whereas angels, which are greater in power and might, bring not railing accusation against them before the Lord. But these, as natural brute beasts, made to be taken and destroyed, speak evil of the things that they understand not: and shall utterly perish in their own corruption; and shall receive the reward of unrighteousness, as they that count it pleasure to riot in the daytime.'

"These words describe those on the voyage who hate the Preacher; but although they hate me, yet I do not hate them. The Great Captain has taught me not to hate any of my fellow-passengers, but rather to earnestly desire the good of all, and especially their salvation; therefore, at every opportunity, I warn them to prepare for the shipwreck. That is why I called upon you this morning," said he.

"I want to have another talk with you about those things that are of such great importance to me, and would be also to you, if it were not for the fact that the god of this world has blinded your eyes so that you cannot see the importance of things eternal."

Having listened so long to Mr. Preacher without being able to find a reply to any of his remarks, by this time I was feeling somewhat abashed, and it seemed to me, by my silence, I was acting more like a condemned criminal than a man of innocency, self-reliance and understanding. Fortunately, his last sentence suggested a question which I thought I would put, that I might dispel my own confusion, and at the same time save us both from the monotony of a one-man conversation. "Who," said I, "is the god of this world that has blinded my eyes? Are there two gods—one to blind the eyes, and the other to open them?"

"It will take some time," said he, "and it may be impossible for me to answer your question, but if you will listen, I will explain to the best of my ability, what is meant by the two gods that are spoken of in my chart. No doubt," said he, "since you have come on board this ship, you have had a feeling of immense power, somewhere; you have looked upon this wide ocean, illimitable in extent, yet never at rest. Its ceaseless currents, day after day, have onward and still onward carried our ship. You have heard the roar of the storm, as it has come with mighty force, from the treasure houses of the

winds. On a cloudless night you have looked up to the stars, and they have not fallen on your head. What power kept them to their place? To speak in popular language, what power, day after day, has turned the sun around this great wide sea, so that every morning we have seen him rise from the bosom of the waters in the East, and we have watched him putting out the light of the stars as he has ascended upward in his path until he reaches his noon-day zenith, when he descends gently to dip himself again behind the waters in the West, and we see his face no more, and it is night; but next morning he greets us again from the opposite point of the compass?

"Thus we get impressed upon us the idea that behind the shifting scenes of time and sense there must be one great source of unchangeable, immovable, and almighty power. The being from whom this power issues our chart calls God. The manifestation of power that we see around us, commonly called the forces of nature, we believe to be God putting forth energy; and we believe that the energy He puts forth returns to Him again, so that He never becomes weak or weary in His work.

"He made two orders of creatures—the rational and the irrational. To these He delegates His power, that they may be His servants, and serve Him day and night in His temple. The irrational have the rules for the exercise of this power within themselves, and these rules are called instinct. The

rational have their rules for the exercise of this power written in the chart. But they have free wills, and may obey or disobey the rules of the chart, just as they feel disposed, when they are about to put forth this power in action.

"One very powerful being for some reason or other that he found within himself (our chart does not tell us what it was) became the bitter enemy of God; and so he puts forth God's power in fighting against God. He, being a spiritual being, has the power to influence rational creatures in their thinking, although they cannot see him when he is engaged in this kind of work. He even came to our Great Captain, and offered Him the kingdoms of this world and the glory of them, if He would only fall down and worship him; but our Great Captain stuck to the rules of the chart, and told him that it was written in the chart, that on this voyage, 'Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve.' Thus he became a kind of a second god on account of his great power, and because of his desire to usurp the place of the true God in the affections of his rational creatures. In the chart, he is called 'the god of this world,' because this world is his principal sphere of action in his antagonism to the true God; and, also, because he possesses the people on the voyage with an overwhelming sense of the importance of this world, as compared with that of the World-to-come. In this way he blinds their spiritual eyes, so that they can-

not see the necessity in this world of making preparation for the world to come.

"When you found yourself in this world, on board this ship, you knew that you had come from an unknown world; and you also knew that you never could return to that unknown world. But you were prepared to correspond with the elements around you, and use them to prolong life on the voyage. You had hands to grasp food, a mouth to eat, organs to digest, eyes to see objects, ears to hear sounds, feet to walk, a mind to think, all of which had been prepared for you before you started on this voyage. Thus you started on this ocean, a fully-equipped sailor, capable of taking advantage of fire, air, earth, and water, using them to prolong your life until you would reach your destination. Had you been ushered on board this ship without these equipments, you must necessarily have been at a great disadvantage, in holding communication with the elements and your fellow-passengers. But a body was prepared for you; and you were prepared for the body.

"What preceded the voyage was preparation, in order to existence in another world. Now that is what the voyage itself is, preparation in order to existence in another world, with this difference, that you now have the right to say which world it shall be, a right which was denied you in that previous state of existence and preparation, because you had not then come together as a rational creature, and

therefore, were not capable of exercising judgment in matters of such importance. But you now have the right to say whether your next world shall be the one on the right or to the left of the Promontory I spoke of, where these waters split and break upon the eternal shores. If you say, 'I will take to the right,' then unseen laws will be put in operation to prepare you for your existence there, so that when you arrive at your destination you will be able to adjust yourself entirely to your surroundings, and thus your life will be prolonged in the world of your choice. If you say, 'I will take to the left,' the same thing will happen, only it will be a different set of laws that will be in operation preparing you for existence to the left of the Promontory.

"Now the god of this world, that my chart speaks of, is god also to the left. That is his home, and, of course, he is anxious to get as many there as he possibly can of this generation. He accomplishes his purpose by getting the passengers to set their affections upon this world, as if there was nothing beyond. To remain without decision for the right is the same as to decide for the left, because our Great Captain has said, 'Whosoever is not for me is against me.' Moreover, to remain without deciding for the right is the same as to say, we are satisfied with this world, and that we want no better than this. To the left is no better, to the right is infinitely better. But laws will not be put in operation to prepare us for an infinitely better

world, if we do not want to go to such a world. From what I have said, you will understand that it is much easier to go to the left than to the right. To go to the right means, on the part of the passenger, decision and fixedness of purpose, to go to the left means to shut your eyes and let things take their natural course, and the god of this world will try to keep them shut. But the true God is desirous that every eye on this voyage should be opened wide enough to see the danger ahead; and then, He knows, that having seen the danger, the law of self-preservation which He has placed within His rational creatures, will cause each to make the necessary preparation, so as to avoid the threatened dangers of the voyage.

"And now, if you have no objections," said he, "I will read a chapter from my chart, and have a word of prayer with you."

"No objections," said I.

He then read these words from his chart: "But of that day and hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels of Heaven, but my Father only. But as the days of Noe were, so shall also the coming of the Son of man be. For as in the days that were before the flood they were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, until the day that Noe entered into the ark, and knew not until the flood came, and took them all away; so shall also the coming of the Son of man be."

"Now, let us pray," said he. We knelt down in

my little cabin, and I, for the first time, listened to prayer in close quarters. There was no doubt about it, he meant me. As nearly as I can remember, this is the language he used on that solemn occasion: "O Lord our God, we are on this voyage, our first and last voyage over these waters! What is beyond we know not, but Thou knowest; and those to whom Thou hast revealed Thyself know of these things. Now, Lord, open the eyes of this young man that he may see his danger, and so prepare for the breaking up of the ship. Save him, O Lord, save him from the snares of the devil and from the deceitfulness of his own heart, and grant him Thy mercy and forgiveness for all his past sins, for Jesus' sake. Amen."

We arose from our knees. He looked as if he had been talking with another world. He grasped my hand, saying, "Will you come with me for a walk this afternoon?"

What could I do but consent? I did so, though after he had gone I was half ashamed of myself that I had so readily yielded to his importunity. I began to think, what will Mr. Have-a-good-time say, and Mr. Sceptic, and Mr. Agnostic, and Miss Fashionable, and all the rest of them say, if they see me walking with Mr. Preacher. What a sensation it is to feel ashamed of yourself in a dream!

But my dream had soon another problem for me, to which, in my vision, I was hurried on with the lightning speed of thought—a new problem, and

yet it was but the old problem of the prow, with the curtain of night in front of it, coming up in another shape. There was the gay company which, for a long time, had fascinated me, and made a voyage, that I once thought would be tedious and irksome, so pleasant at times that I did not care whether or not we ever reached a harbour. There were the Preacher's warnings and insinuations coming up in my mind concerning this company, which seemed to me to mean, you must deny yourself all this or else suffer loss at the time of shipwreck. What a problem for a dreaming soul to grapple with ! It seemed to me too big for the little berth to give it and myself room, and my first impulse was to rush out with it so as to let it have the width of the wide sea ; but when I thought of rising under it, the problem seemed to keep me down, so great was its weight upon my soul. "One of God's rational creatures," the Preacher had said, "with delegated powers to use for or against Him." Well, if dancing, and card-playing, and such like, with this gay company, is using the power against Him, He has made it very pleasant for me to use His own power that He has given to me against Himself. For I could not but think that He had given the sense of enjoyment, as well as the power to use it, the exercise of which came the enjoyment.

Then His laws ! How strange ! "The fruit pleasant to the taste, and the taste pleasant to the fruit, and then said, "Touch it not, lest ye die,"

The Preacher had asked the Lord to save me; I felt like asking the Lord to re-make me, or, "Why hast Thou made me thus?" The Preacher told me I had been prepared for this voyage in a previous state of existence, and the voyage was a preparation for still another state of existence, to the right or left of the Promontory. It appeared to me that whatever preparation I might make for my second state of conscious existence, could not be much worse than the preparation that had been made for me before I embarked on my first voyage in my first state of conscious existence. Here I was: a voyager put on board a ship, where there was continually going on all kinds of amusements and pleasures that were unlawful. Men and women were ready to receive me, and invite me to take part with them in those enjoyments. The nature I had brought with me was such that I loved them, and yet, I was told, if I engaged in that which my soul delighted in, by so doing I was in great danger, so far as the next state of existence was concerned. Was I not a bundle of contradictions afloat for Eternity? Was I responsible for the outcome of these contradictions? A body had been prepared for me, in which I lived and moved, and did my dreaming; and yet this body was made so that its fibres tingled with delight over some unlawful act of the soul, and the soul seemed to laugh and cry by turns over the waywardness of the body.

But in my dream I resolved again that I would

go forth with this big problem, and air it with the winds that had walked for thousands of miles over the trackless sea. So I went forth as one that had this world and the World-to-come in a bag upon his back. Getting out from the stuffy berth, and coming in contact with the fresh breeze that blew at right angles to the ship's course, gave me instant relief. The burden seemed lighter, and I stepped along the deck quite briskly. Before I had gone far I met Mr. Have-a-good-time and Mr. By-and-by, walking side by side, pleasantly conversing and smoking cigars.

"Good morning!" said Mr. Have-a-good-time. "Here! will you not have a cigar this morning and join us in a smoke? It will help digestion and brighten you up for the day."

I took the proffered cigar and stepped inside the smoking-room door out of the wind while I lit it, and then went forth smoking after my companions. In my dream I thought I could see the smoke from my mouth being carried off by the winds, curling upward in a slanting direction, and becoming less distinct, until finally it became invisible. As I watched it, the burden on my back seemed to go with it, and again, I was content with what I was, and with where I was. The fresh air and the cigar had, for the time being, taken me out of the slough of Despond, and had removed the burden from my back. I was light-hearted, and just a trifle light-headed. Everything was all right now. I was

thankful that I was a passenger on board, and that my Creator had given me such capacious powers of enjoyment. The voyage to Eternity could be lighted up, and lightened up with a cigar. I talked freely to my companions, and they talked freely to me—light conversation, of course—so light, that afterwards I could not recall it as a part of my dream.

But there is an end to all things here below, and to a cigar. Mine came to an end. The work of combustion had been going on. It was consumed, and I was consumed. I had been walking in the light of the fire I had kindled, and that fire had been consuming myself. I had been walking after my own light, and now the light had gone out and left me in darkness. The cigar had quickened the circulation of the blood. While it was burning, it had burned up blood, and nerve, and muscle; moral sense and good resolution had also helped to feed the flame, and here I was now like a burned-out volcano, with scarcely energy enough left to let people know that I once lived, and belched forth fires of indignation against the heavens, and Heaven's laws.

As the effect of the cigar died away, my step became slower, my eye lost its lustre, my wit its edge. I had not now the keen sense of delight, and the keen relish for everything I looked upon from the deck, that I had an hour ago. I began again to ask the question, What good is there in

this voyage anyway, and how is it going to end ? I looked out upon the sea to the right, and to the left, and behind, and there it was, wide and boundless as ever. My companions had now left me ; I was alone, looking out upon the silent sea, as if I expected from its depths an answer to the question I had asked ; but none came. I went forward a little, and resting against the deck rail, I looked over and down into the dark blue waters. While in this position I imagined I fell asleep, and dreamed that the ship was nearing the World-to-come Promontory. In my dream, I thought I distinctly heard the noise of the waters, as they roared and parted around the Promontory, and lashed themselves to foam upon the eternal shores. I thought also, that the curtain across the prow of the vessel lifted for a moment, so that all the passengers who were awake and on deck, got a sight of Tombs' Town and Death's Narrows. Then I thought, instantly a cry rang through the ship, " We are at the World-to-come, prepare to land." In my dream, this was followed by a scene of the wildest frenzy and confusion. Everyone seemed to disregard the rights of others, and take thought only for himself and his own safety. I began to get together as hastily as I could, my few things ; but in the confusion it seemed impossible to find anything I wanted to take with me. Such a rush as there was for the life-preservers. I got hold of one ; but could not get it strapped on, and every moment I expected to hear the ship

strike, and I cried out, "O God! for another hour to prepare to make the landing." The sound of my voice recalled me to my senses, and as I lifted my head and saw all was right, I was so glad that it was only a dream; and that I was not yet at the World-to-come, and would have further time to prepare to land.

Thus in my dream, whether as one dreaming or awake, this problem of the prow, and the horizon, and the beyond, was continually coming up for settlement. Gay company, light conversation, games, cigars, wine, etc., might drive it off for a time, but again it would come, crying out louder than ever, "A Settlement! A Settlement!" Every other problem seemed to resolve itself into this one. I had started out of my narrow berth with a question about the contradictions I found in my own nature. I had aired it, and smoked it, and when I had thought it was gone, it only came back in a dream in another form, saying, "Settle about what is beyond that horizon, and then you will have the key to all the other mysteries that you will meet with on the voyage."

I was now, as I thought, wide awake, and thankful that more time had been given me for the settlement of this great problem, and I resolved that I would sift it to the bottom. I would talk with the Preacher, I would read the charts, I would pray, I would do anything and not be ashamed of it, to obtain a satisfactory solution of what was in store for

me and the ship, in the unknown regions whither we were hastening. So I returned to my berth with my burden still upon my back, but strengthened with all the strength of a good resolution to get rid of it as soon as possible. Soon after dinner, Mr. Preacher came around according to appointment, and I went forth with him for a walk, not caring who saw me in his company.

"I want to go," said he, "and call upon a few sick people. You will come along with me, and afterwards we will have a talk."

He led the way along the lower deck to a large room amidships, that was being used as a ship's hospital. We entered, and the Preacher went directly to an old man who was sitting on his couch, propped up with pillows. His eyes were almost shut, though he was not asleep. His face was one mass of wrinkles, and seemed to have curled itself up to only about half its natural size. He wore a little cap as a protection to his bald head. Below the cap there was a half circle of thin, straggling, white hair. His body seemed almost reduced to a skeleton. When we went up to him his head rested thrown forward with his chin upon his breast; but being spoken to by the Preacher, he raised his head a little, but there was not the slightest change in the expression of his countenance. He seemed altogether indifferent to our presence, except that his long, thin fingers began to clutch nervously at the bed-clothes, as if he were afraid we had come to take

them from him. While the Preacher spoke to him I could not take my eyes off his face. It was anything but bright or joyous, and yet it was not sad. Instead of being sad, it looked as if many years must have come and gone since those wrinkled cheeks had been watered by a tear.

I pronounced it hard, and I was beginning to speculate as to what kind of rough usage must this passenger have had upon the voyage, to give his face such a cast as that, when I was disturbed in my speculations by hearing the Preacher say to him, "Well, now, what about the next world?" On hearing this remark, the poor old man's features appeared to tighten up into a kind of a sneer, and he mumbled out from between his toothless jaws and his thin lips, "I'll take my chances with the rest of them." Whereupon the Preacher heaved a sigh, and said, "I am sorry you do not look at these things in their true light," and with this remark he left the old man and moved on to the next couch.

The occupant of this couch seemed to be in great suffering. He lay upon his side, his large eyes wide open, and every now and then his features would contort, and he would give utterance to a deep moan. His face was florid and fleshy, and shone like a polished wine bottle. The grey and the black seemed each to contend for the majority, in his luxuriant growth of hair and beard. The Preacher took him by the hand, and remarked, "Still suffering?"

"Yes," said he, "I am burning up inside," and he made an effort to reach a bowl of water that stood upon a little stand near by.

The Preacher was quick to interpret his movement, and lifted the bowl with the one hand, while with the other he helped him up to a sitting posture, and then held it to his lips, while he greedily drank its contents. After the drink, he sat up a little while, with the hand of the Preacher to his back, and I had a good opportunity to observe him. He evidently had been a strong, healthy man in his youth, for he possessed a strongly-built frame, which looked even now in middle life, as if it would be capable of bearing any amount of hardship, were it not for the fact that the springs of life were being sucked up by some foul and fiery disease. His upright position had the effect of making the blood settle down from his head, and now his face had changed from the florid to the dark, leaden hue, and the skin had the appearance of a sheet of blotting paper that had been long in use.

Soon a violent spasm of pain appeared to seize him, and he writhed for a moment and then threw himself backward, but the Preacher's hand, bearing up against his weight, kept him from falling violently upon his couch.

We were both very silent and solemn while the violent spasms of pain lasted. The perspiration came out in big drops upon the sufferer's brow, which the Preacher wiped off with his handkerchief. Then,

as the sufferer calmed down a little, the Preacher said in a low voice, "Let us pray," and he knelt down by the side of the couch, and prayed earnestly in a voice a little above a whisper: "O God, for Christ's sake, for the sake of the Great Captain of our salvation, have mercy on this dear brother. If it be Thy will, take away these dreadful pains that are racking his frame. Help him to repent of his sins. Help him to look, even now, at this late hour, to Jesus, the Light of the world, who will receive him, and give him a peace that is calm as a river. O Lord, thou knowest that we would help him if we could, but we cannot. We can only leave him to thee, and ask thee to pardon, and help, and comfort him for Jesus' sake. Amen."

Rising from his knees, the Preacher took his hand and said, "Look to Jesus." But I noticed that these words did not in the least change the expression of suffering that was now upon his features. He simply muttered very indistinctly, "I can't look now to anything."

Now I saw in my dream that the Preacher arose and passed on amongst the couches upon which lay the sick folks—some young, some in middle life, and some wrinkled and hoary with age. I noticed that a number of them had books, and were sitting up reading. Several had Bibles like the one the Preacher had, that he called his chart. Those that had Bibles smiled and nodded to the Preacher as he passed them by. He usually stopped to greet them

with a smile in return, and a few words of encouragement, or with an inquiry after their health.

We passed on amongst the couches until we came to the further end of the room from where we had entered, and here the Preacher stopped by the bedside of an old man, who seemed as we approached him to be in prayer. He lay upon his back with his arms up, and his thin, white hands clasped above his head. His lips moved, and his countenance had a peaceful and radiant expression. He seemed unconscious of our presence, and we watched him for some little time, the Preacher evidently debating with himself as to whether or not he would interrupt him. But presently he opened his eyes, and a smile lit up his aged face as he recognized the Preacher. Then he looked towards me with an inquiring look, which the Preacher noticed, and he said, "This is a young friend of mine, whom I hope soon to lead into the right way."

The old man said, in a very low voice, "I am glad to see him. Will you not sit down a while?"

The Preacher motioned to me to sit down on the stool at the head of the couch, while he took a seat beside the old man on the couch itself. The old man said, "Give me your hand," at the same time removing his hands from the position they occupied above his head, and reaching out one to the Preacher, while with the other, he endeavoured to raise himself up. With the aid of the Preacher, he came to a

sitting posture, and then looked round him like one who had just come out of a sleep.

"How are you feeling this afternoon?" said the Preacher.

"O," said the old man, "I have been praying to our heavenly Father, and I have been wondering how long will He keep me yet before He brings this voyage to an end."

As he finished this remark, he looked at me so lovingly that I ventured to exclaim, "You are not in a very fit condition to battle with the waves if the ship struck."

At this he smiled and answered, "Am I not?" and throwing back one of the folds of his outer garments, he said, "Look here, I have been wearing this on this voyage for over fifty years."

I saw that he had on a very curious kind of life-preserver, buckled round beneath his arms. I said, "That is a strange life-preserver, altogether different from what they have piled up in the ship."

"Yes," said he, "it is of a different make. 'This is the trade mark,' said he, putting his finger on a symbol that rested just above his heart, which upon looking at more closely, I discovered to be a figure of a cross surmounted by a crown. "The minister will tell you all about it, and I hope and pray that you will not neglect to have one put on, for depend upon it," said the old man, "it is the one thing needful on this voyage. What a comfort it has been to me during all these years that I have worn it! Such

a feeling of safety as it has given me in the midst of the wildest tempests—and there have been a great many of them since I came on board. But, no matter how strong blew the winds, or how high rolled the waves, in the midst of it all, when I would think of my life-preserver, I could sing in my heart, 'Praise the Lord.' Then it is so easy to wear and so light that I have never felt it to be a hindrance to my movements, nor a burden to my back."

"You would not part with it for anything, Father," said the Preacher.

"No, not for all the world," said the old man, and a light of joy filled his countenance as he said so.

Then, turning to me, he said, "I was one of the first passengers on board this ship. I have been on her for many years. I have seen many changes, as she has floated down with the current. Day after day, I have been upon the deck, watching the prow push the curtain of the present back upon the future; and I often wondered and worried about what was behind the curtain, until I studied that chart, pointing to the little book in the hand of the Preacher, and it was that chart that gave me light, and brought peace to my troubled soul. I am an old man now, and not able to be about much; so I just lie here and think of the years that are gone, thankful for all the mercies and blessings that have attended me on the voyage, with a good hope in my heart, which is as an anchor to my soul. Indeed, I sometimes look forward with joy to the time when

the ship will strike the sunken reefs ; and I will get rid of this frail body ; and I will hear the voice of our Great Captain calling to me, in my last struggle with the waves, to come to Him. I would like, if I was able, to tell you more ; but I am too weak to talk. I know I am going home to be with Jesus. I feel the voyage will soon be over, and I want you to meet me there. God bless you." And the old man's eyes filled with tears.

I could scarcely keep my own back, and looking at the Preacher, I saw that he was affected in the same manner. He opened the little book, and read about "many mansions," and about someone who said, "I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself ; that where I am, there ye may be also."

After reading, he bowed his head and prayed. The old man covered his face with his hand ; and every now and then, said, "Amen," to the petitions of the Preacher. I was so overcome myself, that I could not remember the exact words of the prayer ; but I remember remarking to myself at the time, that it was a prayer of thankfulness for victory, instead of being like the previous one, a prayer for the salvation of a lost soul.

On rising from his knees, the Preacher took the old man's thin, white hand in his, and they looked at each other long and earnestly. I felt that in their looks, soul was answering to soul through their

countenances, with a language that I could not understand, and that they themselves could not put into words; but I then and there secretly hoped that the day might come when their secret would be revealed to me.

They unclasped their hands, and the Preacher turned to go, while the old man again directed his attention toward me, extending his hand very gently to take mine, which I now offered him.

He took it, and clasped it as vigorously as his feeble strength would allow, saying as he did so, "May God be with you on the voyage, and bring you safely to the landing."

So we took our leave of the old man, the Preacher advancing through a door nearly opposite to the one at which we had entered, and opening into a passage that led to the stairs leading up to the deck.

I was in a very serious frame of mind, reflecting, of course, upon all I had seen and heard while in the ship's hospital. I followed my companion, regardless of where he was going, or of what was taking place around us as we passed along. He did not stop until he gained a seat upon the deck, a little aft of the prow of the vessel.

"Sit down," said he, "and let us have a talk."

He began by saying, "I want to tell you something about the sick people we have visited. I have learned their history, partly from themselves, and partly from other passengers.

"The first man we visited is known on board the

ship as 'Old Hardtack.' He is related to the family of 'Closefist' and 'Saveall.' When he came on board, he was a steerage passenger, but he was a man of wonderful activity and perseverance. Through dealing in soap, he made quite a fortune, working his way, as he did so, in amongst the intermediate passengers, and finally into the cabin itself. He got the name of 'Hardtack' on account of his reputation for making a hard bargain, and also because he charged such a high rate of interest when he loaned his money out to his fellow-passengers. But after he got into the cabin, he met two gentlemen, a 'Mr. Smooth-tongue' and a 'Mr. Tricky,' of the firm of 'Smooth-tongue & Tricky'—who did business by advertising over their door, 'Big bargains for ten days.' These gentlemen, as they say on board, fleeced Mr. Hardtack of nearly all his fortune. After his fortune was gone, not being able to keep up with the style of the cabin, he came back amongst the intermediate passengers, where he spent his days in bitterness of spirit, denouncing everybody and everything. If I, or anybody else, talked to him on religion, he would get angry and say that he would not have put such confidence in 'Smooth-tongue' and 'Tricky' if they had not been professors of religion. He would declare most vehemently that the only reason why 'Smooth-tongue' prayed for his soul was because he wanted to get his hand in his pocket. Finally he took sick, and had to be taken to the hospital, where he still kept complaining, and saying

all on board were dishonest if they only had the chance, and that when he had money he had lots of friends, but now none of them came near him. I have visited him again and again, and have succeeded, I think, in proving to him that I wished to be his friend for the sake of his soul, and not for his money. But when I mention religion to him, he only refers to the bad treatment that he has received on the voyage, and says that he believes he will have as good a chance for a landing when the ship strikes the reefs as any of the other passengers, and a much better chance than men like 'Smooth-tongue' and 'Tricky.'

"The second man we visited, the one in middle life, is a 'Mr. Merryman,' related to the family of 'Have-a-good-time' and 'Self-indulgence.' When he started on the voyage, he was a cabin passenger, and was heir to the estate of one 'Mr. Graball'; but though he inherited his father's estate, he did not inherit his father's disposition. The passengers said of him that young 'Graball' would have been better named 'Spendall,' for he did indeed spend with a lavish hand. He was always in for fun, and spared neither time nor money in making sport for the boys. Being of a merry, light-hearted, generous disposition, he got the name of 'Merryman,' a name that no doubt he deserved in his younger days, but would not at all, as you have seen, be applicable to him now. For a number of years he lived a very fast life, a life almost like what Mr. Have-a-good-time

and Mr. Self-indulgence live now. But in so doing, he brought upon himself those diseases which now make his body a house of torture for his soul; so that it may be truly said of him, 'his laughter has been turned into mourning.'

"You noticed that I did not say anything to him about preparing for the landing. I will now give you my reason for not doing so. I simply thought that it would be useless to speak to a man in such agony about the World-to-come. A man in such torment is not in a fit condition to count the cost, or make calculations, or draw inferences, or exercise faith upon anything relative to his safety at the time of landing. He is altogether controlled by one thought, and that thought is, how can I escape from the hell of pain I am in, here and now. To talk to him about making provision for a safe landing in the future, when he is now being burned up with the fires that were kindled through the dissipation of by-gone days, would be like casting pearls before swine, or like darkening counsel by words without knowledge. I therefore refrained from doing so. I felt that, under such circumstances, all I could do was to speak to God for him, instead of speaking to him for God; so I prayed that God would have mercy on him.

"The third, and last one we spoke with, is known on board the ship as 'Old Mr. Saintly.' He is one of the oldest passengers on board. I have heard it said, by some of the oldest passengers, that he is the

son of one 'Mrs. Goodheart,' who lived with her children in the land of Holiness-unto-the-Lord. They say she was a mother in Israel, one who taught all her children to remember their Creator in the days of their youth. The consequence of such teaching was, that her son, soon after he came on board the ship, began to inquire for the right way. Some one told him to study the charts, and he did so. He seemed, almost by instinct, to select the Bible as his guide ; and he studied it constantly, until he was able to exercise faith in our Great Captain, since which time he has made it his companion ; and he became so kind and pious in his later years, that the passengers called him 'Old Saintly,' by which name he is now known on board the ship. For several months he has been lying in the hospital, and to all that go in to see him, he speaks of the goodness and mercies of God ; and warns, especially, the young to prepare for the landing ; for he thinks it will not be long until the ship will strike upon the reefs.

"The life-preserver he showed you, is exactly like one I wear myself. It is made of material that came from a place called 'Calvary.' Our Great Captain was the designer of it ; and obtained for Himself, from the eternal government of the universe, the patent and sole right of manufacture, for which he paid a very high price, not in gold or in silver, but in blood. You will find that there are as many different kinds of life-preservers on board

as there are charts. Each chart has a life-preserver that goes with it; and, if a passenger accepts the teaching of any particular chart, he is supposed to prefer the life-preserver that belongs to the maker of that chart. Some of them are very much like the life-preserver that was designed by our Great Captain, especially one that is manufactured from material that comes from a place called 'Mount Sinai.' But the difference between them all and the one with the trade-mark of the Cross and Crown upon it, is this: all the others will keep a passenger afloat in smooth waters, but our chart tells us that the one stamped with the Cross and the Crown is the only one that will keep a passenger's head above the water, when we come to the seething, boiling torrent at 'Death's Narrows.' Besides, when you have once put it on, it is the most comfortable life-preserver on board—very light and easy to wear—so much so, that after you have worn it a while, it seems to be a part of yourself, and helps you to keep your balance as you walk about on board the ship; whereas the others are easily put on and off, and most of them are very clumsy and burdensome, so much so, that the passengers who wear them in the time of a storm are made to groan under their oppression, and are glad to lay them aside when the storm is over. Especially, is this true of those that are manufactured by the firms of Brahma and Buddha.

"Now," said he, "I have purposely taken you

with me to-day to visit those sick people, that you may see for yourself some of the consequences of the different courses of conduct practised by the passengers on board the ship. You have seen in the case of 'Hardtack,' how those who live for money live for misery, if they should happen to lose the money. His love of money was like the worm that dieth not, until it has eaten out the strength and solidity of the ship's timbers, which is its home, and so makes its own abode brittle and rotten—a receptacle for the filth and sediment of the sea, which cannot long keep afloat—and so the worm going down with it, perishes in its own destruction. It was his love of money that ate out the nobler passions of his soul, and left him a receptacle for hard, suspicious, evil thoughts against his fellow-passengers, who now leave him down there in the hospital to perish in his own destruction. He has no good will or good wish towards anybody, and he thinks nobody has a good will or wish for him; and because of this, he cannot receive or believe the message of love I bring him from our Great Captain. When I tell him that the Great Captain loves him, and would like to have him make the landing safely, the only reply I get is a sneer on his countenance, and a reference to the money he has lost, and the ill treatment he has received from passengers on board the ship.

"You have also seen," said he, "in the case of 'Merryman,' how a fast life leads to fierce suffering,

and leaves a man in a state of mind wholly unfit to enjoy the present, or to make provision for the future. I could have taken you to a number of others, to show you that the wild career of the fast passenger usually comes to an end in the ship's hospital.

"I took you to see 'Old Saintly,' that you might know for yourself the consequence of a long life spent on board this ship according to the directions of this chart (holding up the Bible as he said so). It is in a life like 'Saintly's' that the end of a thing is better than the beginning, not in a life like that of 'Hardtack' or 'Merryman,' for in their cases it is exactly the opposite—the end of the thing is much worse than the beginning.

"Now," said he, "I want you to think this out for yourself. Get a Bible, and read it, and compare it with the other charts on board, and do not be influenced by any of those fellows that live just for the fun they can get out of the present, and fear to look the future squarely in the face.

"You know," said he, "as well as I do, that this ship cannot go on forever. There must be an end to this voyage somewhere, and then—what? This is the question that I hope, by God's grace," said he, "that you will settle, and do not rest until you do settle it, and settle it right."

These last words were spoken with much earnestness, and I was so much moved that I could not but thank the preacher for the interest he had taken

in me; and I promised him that I would try and bring the great question to a speedy settlement.

"Before separating," said he, "I want to tell you about our services. We have a prayer-meeting in the room adjoining the hospital down below, every Wednesday evening, and service on the Sunday. It will help you to come as often as you can to these services. They are free to all the passengers."

I said, "I would," and just then the gong sounded for supper.

Said he, "We might as well go along together to supper. You can sit beside me at table, for the passenger that sits on my right has not been at table for a day or two—he is sick."

As we went down together, a struggle was going on within my soul as to whether or not I should sit beside the Preacher at table. I thought, what will "Have-a-good-time" and the rest of them say if they see me sitting beside the Preacher? Then I thought again, why should I care for their taunts? Am not I a man, and is not the Preacher intelligent, respectable and good company? Then why should I be ashamed to be seen sitting beside him at table? But the voice within answered again, "They will think you are anxious about the landing, and that is childish. If you could sit beside him, so as to give your friends the impression that you were there to discuss questions relating to free trade, astronomy, or geology, or any of the great subjects that learned men talk about, why, then, it would be all right;

but you know that you have already appeared weak to your friends on religion, and they will surely think this is another giving way on your part if you sit beside the Preacher."

"Let them think what they like," said the other voice; and by this time we had arrived at the door leading into the cabin, and there was the long table in front of us. I glanced towards my old place, but the Preacher said, "Come along with me," in a cheery tone, which roused my courage, and with him I went, and sat upon the chair which he pulled out to receive me. He seated himself by my side, and bowed his head in silence before looking round at the occupants of the different seats and the good things on the table. I looked up, and a little way down on the other side of the table from me were my old friends "Sceptic" and "Hardheart." I thought they looked at me with an expression on their countenances of mingled contempt and pity, as much as to say, "Poor simpleton, he has you again under his wing."

Very little was said at table, except a few remarks on the weather and the quality of the food we were eating. The Preacher, for the most part, was silent, and I was glad when the meal was over. Mr. Have-a-good-time, and Mr. Self-indulgence, and several of the ladies whose acquaintance I had made at the games, I thought were looking down at me, and making remarks about me, and again I thought I

was the object of their ridicule, and I felt uncomfortable.

Supper being over, the Preacher and I went into the ship's library, and from the librarian he obtained a chart like the one he had himself, which he gave to me, saying, as he did so, "Read for yourself. Read especially," said he, "that part which tells of the voyage of our Great Captain, the Lord Jesus and about the others called apostles, who followed immediately after Him."

Having received the chart, I went to my own berth resolved to study it as directed by the Preacher. Not but what I had seen and handled a Bible before, and had read a little in it, but to no purpose—with nothing in view. I now resolved that if this Bible would give me any light upon what was behind that curtain, I would walk in the light; so I began to study it for this purpose. Not that my mind at that hour was clear, for when I attempted to read, there would come up before me the looks of my friends, as they looked at me while I sat beside the Preacher at the supper-table.

I threw myself upon my narrow bed, and cried out from the depths of my soul, though not audibly, "O wretched man that I am, to be disturbed by this fear of man that worketh a snare, when the great issues of the landing in Eternity are at stake. Why should the actions of those who were fellow-passengers with myself, be a torment to me in my search after the right way? Why did not God (if God

there was) make all men's inclinations after the right path, so that, at the same time, they would all go the same way, like the great school of fish I had seen that morning swimming southward, as I looked from the deck? Why did He not put within them the instinct of self-preservation, to carry them safely through 'Death's Narrows,' equally strong, with that which made them look out for number one on life's swelling current? If Mr. Have-a-good-time, and Mr. Self-indulgence, and Mr. Sceptic, and the Misses Highflyer and Frivolous, and the rest of them, would only become anxious and study the chart, how easy it would be then for me; but if I study it now I must study it alone, and bear the brunt of their opposition, to what they look upon as childish fear and superstition on my part."

Then the looks of "Old Hardtack" and "Merryman" would come up before me; and as they did so I cried out, "O God! I don't want ever on this voyage to be like 'Old Hardtack,' or 'Merryman,' or 'Saintly'?" Well! Yes, I do not mind becoming like 'Saintly,' but not for all the world like the others."

"Well," said the voice within, "if you do not mind becoming like 'Old Saintly,' take to the chart and study it."

"And what will the others say if they find me studying it?"

So the debate went on for over an hour. I could not read the chart intelligently with these imps of

darkness and angels of light contending in my soul. I remembered the Preacher had told me "to pray," so I tried to pray. I said, "O Lord, clear the air. Let this storm come to an end. Help me to become calm, that I may read thy word, and help me to understand it. Help me not to care for what others may say or do; but help me to go forward myself and do what is right. Amen."

Again I took the book and opened at the part where the Preacher told me I would find what was written about the Great Captain. I read for about half an hour, until I came to the words, "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls." These words fastened my attention—"rest unto your souls." I said, "That is what I want. How am I to get it?" The answer was, "Come unto me." "Where are you?" I said. "Certainly not on board this ship! But I want to come! How can I come?" I kept repeating these words to myself—"I want rest for my soul! I want to come! How can I come?"

With these words in my heart and on my lips, I thought in my dream I fell asleep. When I awoke in the morning and looked out of my little round window, I saw that the waters were much agitated, and as I continued looking, the waves appeared to get larger, and soon I felt the ship beginning to rock. Evidently we were in for rough weather, as

it was now about the season for storms. I was not sorry to see that we were in for rough weather, for I said to myself, "it will give me a good opportunity to study the chart, as there will not be so much fun on deck or in the cabin to attract my attention. Besides, Mr. By-and-by will remain most of his time in his berth while the storm is raging, and it will also have a tendency to put Mr. Have-a-good-time and the others into a serious frame of mind."

So I resolved, before I would go out to breakfast, I would read a little in the chart. My curiosity took me to another part of the book from that which the Preacher had told me to read, and I read: "Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners." I thought, does that mean "Sceptic," and "Hard-heart," and "Surly," and the others with whom at times I have been having sweet counsel? I have been standing in their way, and they have been standing in my way. Especially whenever I have thought of getting into the right way, they have been standing between me and the path.

"But his delight is in the law of the Lord, and in His law doth he meditate day and night." "Why," I said, "my delight has been in having a good dinner, in having a game of cards, in having a cigar, in having a dance, and I have not meditated in the law of the Lord—neither day nor night. But I have rather meditated in the law of Lord Have-a-

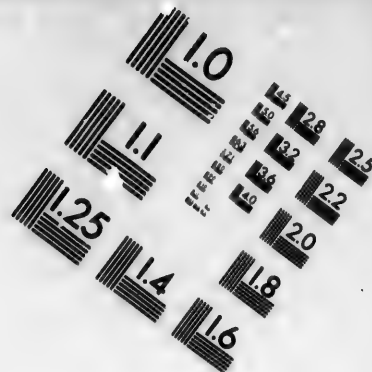
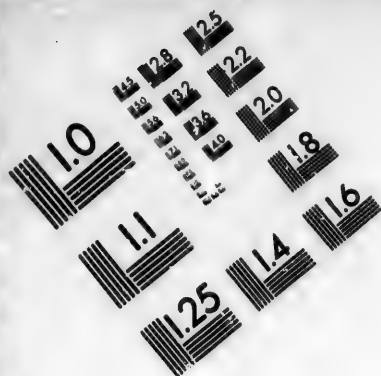
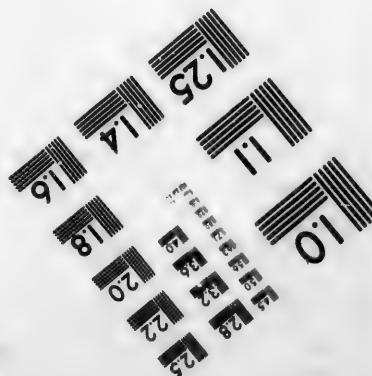
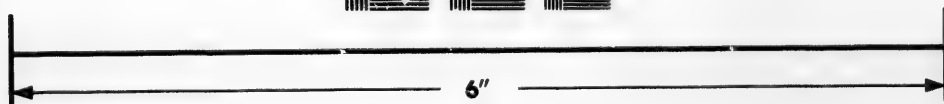
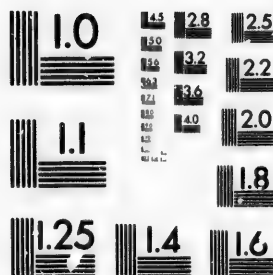


IMAGE EVALUATION TEST TARGET (MT-3)



**Photographic
Sciences
Corporation**

23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4303

28
26
24
22
20
18

10
01

good-time, and Lord Self-indulgence, and Lord Sceptic, and Ladies Fashionable, and Frivolous, and Flyaway. In the law of these have I meditated. I have swung to and fro round their opinion. I have been the slave of their smile; their frown has made me a coward. But I will come out from among them, and I will seek the blessedness that comes from meditating in the law of this great Lord, whoever He may be."

While thus musing, the gong sounded, and with this good resolution in my heart, I started for breakfast. By this time, the sea had become quite rough; so much so, that I was obliged to catch at things along the way to steady myself as I walked to the table. Having seated myself at the table, I looked round in order to see how many had upon that rough morning, put in an appearance at the breakfast table. A number of the seats were vacant. Mr. Surly, Mr. Sceptic, and Mr. Self-indulgence were in their places, and were grumbling at the scanty fare. This called my own attention to what we had to eat that morning, and true enough, it was the poorest meal we had yet had on board the ship.

I was about to join in the general murmur regarding the scant breakfast, when I suddenly remembered my good resolution, not to delight myself in these things; so I refrained from uttering any complaint. I afterwards learned that the breakfast that morning had been spoiled in consequence of the fire being put out by a large kettle of water that had been

upset by the unusual rolling of the ship. This fact was made known to me as I was returning to my berth after breakfast; and I was thinking how the upsetting of a tea-kettle would upset the temper of a whole ship's crew (except myself), when I entered my berth, and found that a big wave had come in through the little round window that I had left open, and wet my bed-clothes and other things in my cabin. Some of the very things I wanted to use that morning were drenched. I felt a little out of sorts, but I determined that I would not give way to any ill-feeling. I would meditate in the law of the Lord. I hastily shut the little window, and went to get my boots to take a walk on deck, when I found another cause for vexation—the boot-black had brought me some other passenger's boots. This was more than I could stand, and so I gave vent to my anger, and denounced boot-blacks, and storms, and things in general.

Seating myself upon the end of my trunk, which was about the only dry thing in my cabin, I said, in my wrath, "All these things are against me. The rough weather that I thought would help me in the right way, has spoiled my breakfast, wet my clothes, turned the head of my boot-black, and yet, this is the law of the Great Lord that we should have this rough weather. This is part of the law in which I am to meditate day and night. Not only that, but I am to delight myself in it. Well, I might, if I had had a good breakfast, and dry clothes, and had

my own boots, so that I could go out on deck into the fresh air—away from this stuffy little cabin. But the law seems to work altogether contrary, this morning, to my inclinations."

Now, in my dream I heard a rap at my cabin door, and I said, "Come in;" and I saw the door open, and a passenger stood there with a pair of boots in his hand.

"I have come," said he, "to see if these are your boots, and to see if you have mine."

"I looked at them, and saw at a glance that they were mine, and I said, "Come in, and I will find yours."

"Yes," said he; "those are mine. I suppose the boot-black must have exchanged them."

"Yes," said I; "I have just been scolding him here all to myself."

"Why," said he, "are you not the young man I saw beside Mr. Preacher, at supper, last evening?"

"I am," said I.

"Well, I thought," said he, "that Christians did not get into a fit of anger, and scold."

"I am not a Christian," said I, "although I have been thinking about it seriously of late."

"I thought so," said he; "I tried to live it once myself on board this ship, but I found I could not do it, so I have gone back to my old ways again. In fact," said he, "you will find it almost impossible to live that kind of a life on board this ship. I see you have been reading your chart, just as I used to

do, when I made a start. You will find that the chart tells you, that on this voyage, those that attempt to live the Christian life, have to contend with the world, the flesh, and the devil. You will find a great many things to vex you in the world; and in the Church it is no better; and the devil will tempt you just when and where you are least expecting him to be about. I got along very well for a time, as long as I kept reading and thinking about the Great Captain—what He did when He took the voyage over these waters—but I began to look at the older professors of religion, and to compare myself with them, and I said, 'Why, they do things that I would not do,' and soon I found myself doing those things, and the doing of them took away all my assurance of salvation. I could not see anything good in store for me before the prow or at the landing, and so I made up my mind I would not try any more to live the Christian life, but I would have as pleasant a time as I could on the voyage this side of the landing."

"That is very strange," said I. "Why, I have understood from the Preacher, that after we start in the right way, and are able with the eye of faith to see through the cloud that hangs across the prow of the ship, all will go well with us to the end of the voyage; and when the ship is wrecked, we shall be conducted in safety, through the floods to a beautiful city."

"Yes," said he, "the Preacher usually gives that

view of it; but you will find after you get well started, that there are as many stumbling-blocks inside the Church as outside of it."

"What do you mean by the Church?" said I.

"Those," said he, "that call themselves the *saved passengers*, those on board the ship that are supposed to be saved and are working and praying to get the others of us saved, those that profess to follow the directions of the Great Captain, the Lord Jesus, and love their enemies, and pray for those that despitefully use them and persecute them. They are supposed to be going about this ship doing good, following the example of Him you read about in your chart. I went in amongst them once, and used to attend their meetings. I thought I was saved, and I acknowledge that I did feel a good deal better than ever I felt before; and I had a sense of security regarding the future, and had no fears about making the landing while I attended their meetings, and read my chart, and prayed night and morning."

"Then what made you quit?" said I.

"Well," said he, "they got squabbling in their meetings about money, and about one thing and another, and I began to see that they could use bitter language, and back-bite, and slander, and get angry, and hate each other, just the same as other unsanctified sinners, who made no pretensions to goodness, on board the ship. Then they put me on a committee, and put a subscription list into my hands, to

collect some money to buy some tracts and charts for some of the poor heathen amongst the steerage passengers; and I tell you, if you want to test their religion, you just touch some of them on the pocket.

"Well, I went first to Deacon Affable. You know he and his wife occupy a double state-room on board and he is reported to be very wealthy. The deacon received me very kindly, and talked very pleasantly until I drew my subscription list from my pocket, when I noticed that a frown flitted across his countenance, like the dark shadows that cross the face of the deep when broken clouds are driven before a high wind. However, I thought that the frown might be caused by some momentary freak of indigestion, especially as we had had that day a very sumptuous dinner; so I proceeded by very timidly handing the deacon my subscription list. He grabbed his eye-glasses, and hurriedly fixing them on his nose, he held the paper before him for a short time; and then removing his eye-glasses, he looked fierce, and said, 'Are we never going to be through with these subscription lists? Seems to me there is one goes round this ship about every other day, and they all come to me.' By this time, I was almost speechless, and all I could say was, 'Yes.' The deacon looked at me. Whether out of pity for me or the heathen, I do not know, but he put down his name for half a dollar, and handed me the money. I said, 'Thank

you,' and got out soon as possible. The nervous system of my religion had received a terrible shock, and it was some time before I could summon up courage enough to approach another of the brethren.

"This time I went to Bro. Workwell, an intermediate passenger, who received me very kindly, and said, 'We ought always to be ready to show our thankfulness to God in this way for our health and strength,' and so he put down his name for a dollar!

"Then I went to Bro. Bluntman, another intermediate passenger, who said, 'Well! what are you after?' Having now gained considerable courage, on account of the kind treatment I received from Bro. Workwell, I said, quite boldly, 'Your subscription for the benefit of the heathen passengers.' 'Then you won't get it,' said he. 'I have nothing to give.' I was about to depart, when he said, 'Let me see your list?' I showed him my list, when he said, 'Is that all you have?' So he put his hand in his pocket, and gave me twenty-five cents, saying as he did so, 'Never mind the name, I don't give for show.' But, of course, I put down his name, to keep my list straight with my cash.

"Then I called upon Bro. Longwind. He was seated in his easy-chair, in his state-room, reading a book called, 'Holy meditations on living and dying.' I said, 'Bro. Longwind, I am come on a little business.'

"'I am glad of that,' said I, interrupting him, 'and now let me have your subscription, for I am in a hurry.'

"'Yes,' said he, 'I was about to say that I was very much interested in the work, but my expenses have been very heavy of late. I have had to have so many additional to the regular bill of fare, on account of my rheumatics and other things, that I really am not in a position to put down my name for anything this morning; but, if you would call again next week, I will see what I can do.'

"'All right!' said I, and off I went to call on others.

"I rapped at the door of Sister Meekly's cabin. She opened the door, smiled sweetly, and asked me to be seated. I took a seat, handing her my list as I did so. She glanced at it, and said, 'I will see if I have anything to give. You know my husband is not a member of the Church, and he does not give me much money, but I put aside one-tenth of all that he gives me, for the Lord's cause. If there is any left in the box you shall have it.' So she brought me out forty cents, and wrote her name with the remark, 'I am sorry it is not more.' I thanked her, and came away very much encouraged.

"Next, I rapped at Sister Pry's cabin door, stepped in at her request, and handed her my list. She read it, and then opened her eyes and mouth in astonishment.

"'Do you mean to say,' said she, 'that Deacon Affable only gave you fifty cents?'

"'That is all,' said I.

"'Well, I must say,' said she, 'that it is hard for some folks to part with their money, even if they have a lot of it, which I haven't. And Bro. Workwell gave you a dollar! Well, I always did like Bro. Workwell. He has not much to say in the meetings, but what he does say is to the point. I should think Deacon Affable ought to be ashamed of himself—he a rich man and a deacon of the Church, and Bro. Workwell a poor man; and yet he doubles the Deacon in his subscription for the heathen.

"'And you got twenty-five cents from Bro. Bluntman, did you? He means well, though he is very gruff. And did you not call upon Bros. Straightface, and Smiler, and Highlife, and Longwind?'

"'No, not upon any of them,' said I, 'except Bro. Longwind.'

"'And did Bro. Longwind not give you anything?'

"'No,' said I, 'but he told me to call again.'

"'Oh,' said she, 'that is just like Bro. Longwind. When you call again, he will be very sorry, and will likely tell you to—call again!'

"'Here is Sister Meekly's name down for forty cents. Well, that is very good for her, but, you know, she has not much else to do with her money. Sister Meekly has no family to support—not like

me. I do not know whether I can afford anything or not. But you go round to all the others, and come back to me, and I will see what I can do for you.'

" 'You mean,' said I, smiling, 'you will see what the others have done.'

" 'Oh no,' said she, colouring up, 'that don't make any difference to me what the others do. If I take a notion to give, I give, and I don't believe in letting my right hand know what I do with my left.'

"So I went away and called upon the others, and never went back to Sister Pry.

" 'I could tell you,' said he, 'what I got from each, and how I was received and dismissed, and so on; but I see you are getting impatient, and so I will make the long story short by telling you that I only received five dollars for the poor heathen passengers in the steerage, and out of that I gave a dollar myself. And now,' said he, 'I do not wish to detain you any longer; but I do say, that going round with that subscription list was a great damper on my religious fire, for I lost confidence in those to whom I had been looking up to for an example; and so I would advise you, if you go in amongst them, never to go round with a subscription list. However, I will likely see you again. What is your name?'

"I am known on board," said I, "as a Reporter."

"My name," said he, "is Mr. Turnback. Most likely the Preacher will tell you I am one of those

who put his hand to the plow, and, looking back, am not fit for the kingdom of God; but I think I will stand as good a chance as Bro. Longwind or Deacon Affable."

Snatching up his boots, he said "good-bye," shutting the door of my cabin with a terrible bang, which was partly caused by the roll of the ship, being in the direction in which he was going at the time he made his exit.

Again I was alone, to wrestle with the great problem of future destiny. The ship was now rolling and pitching on and over the billows with such an unsteady motion that walking on deck would be decidedly uncomfortable, if not a little dangerous, so I resolved to remain in my cabin, and ponder the remarks of the passenger who had brought me my boots, and had thus diverted my wrath from the ship's boot-black.

Because of what I had heard from Mr. Turnback, and on account of the general disorder and wretched dampness and confusion of my cabin, my first thought was to let wind and weather, high seas, and boot-blacks, cooks, preachers, and kettles, come and go, up or down, here or there, anyway, everyway, as they pleased; I would stick to the ship as long as I could, and when I could not, I would drift to either side of the World-to-come Promontory—I did not care where. But a second thought flashed through my mind, brief, and quick as the speed of the telegraphic despatches that I used to

send off when awake—be a man, set thy house in order, think it out. So I began by tidying up my cabin, and then getting my winter cloak out of my trunk, and, throwing it round me, I took my chart and began to read it out, and think it out.

I opened the chart and read, "Who art thou that judgest another man's servant? to his own master he standeth or falleth." Evidently "Turnback" had been sitting in judgment upon those who professed to be the servants of the Great Captain. Then I read again at another place, "By their fruits ye shall know them. "Turnback" had started out to gather fruits from them, and had returned disappointed. He received a thistle from Deacon Affable instead of a fig; and Bro. Bluntman had given him thorns instead of grapes. So he thought he knew them by their fruits. Was he right in condemning them, or was he not? If they were not Christians, if they had not the eye of faith to see through the cloud, might I expect to be any better off than they after I made a profession of faith in Christ? If "Turnback" made a start in the right way, and had run well for a time, and then had given up, and returned to his former companions and habits, would I not be likely to do the same, and thus I would bring disgrace on the good cause, and also be the laughing-stock of the ungodly portion of the ship's passengers—especially of "Surly" and "Hardheart," and "Sceptic," and "Have-a-good-time." Was the Preacher giving me a false view of

the life of a passenger after he was enabled to see into the beyond, when he had intimated to me that after that all would go well with me on the voyage?

These were the questions, that now in my dream, shot through the chambers of my soul, like the slimy monsters that, in the darkness, shoot through the chambers of the great deep. I wished in my heart that I had not met with "Turnback." He had opened a grave of doubt in my mind; into which had slipped the Preacher and all the Christians on board the ship; and I stood at the mouth of the grave, groaning in my spirit, and I was troubled. In my agony I threw myself on my bed, groaning and stretching up my hands, one of which held the chart. I said in my haste, all men are liars, and I am a fool to believe them. But here I am, with nothing but a few oak planks between me and Eternity, and heave goes the ship. The storm is still raging; the waves are rising. Why, my berth seems as if it was determined to pitch me out. But I will brace myself, and think it out, and read it out, and dream it out. So, bracing myself with one hand and foot, I lay there in my winter cloak, while the ship pitched and rolled, and I read, and thought, and dreamed. Like a drowning man catching at straws, I read here and there in the chart, anywhere, everywhere. Now that "Turnback" had loosened my hold on the Preacher, I did want to get hold of something to steady me on my way to Eternity. I read, "There be many that say, who

will show us any good." I could sympathize with the passenger that wrote those words, and also with the many that had asked that question. I had asked it first of "Greathead," the Philosopher. He had referred me to the Preacher and Mr. Theologus. They did not give me a satisfactory answer. According to the Preacher, the good could not be seen, until I would get the eye with which to see it. I had asked it of "Have-a-good-time," and "Self-indulgence," and others of that class; and they had frankly told me there was no good, except a good dinner, and a good dance, and a good game of cards, and so on. I felt like shouting out at the top of my voice, "Is there anyone on board this ship that can show us any good." But a voice seemed to say, you will make a fool of yourself if you do that. So I refrained and contented myself with saying, "Great God, amidst so many contradictory opinions, and conflicting statements, and theories, and speculations as to the good of this voyage, and the good or evil that comes after the shipwreck, what is a poor ignorant passenger like myself to do? Must I wallow here in the darkness and mire of my own despondency, while the ship drifts to its inevitable doom before the storm?"

Then I read again, "there be many that say, who will show us any good?" But I did not stop there; I went on and read, as I thought, aloud, "Lord, lift thou up upon us the light of thy countenance." Already I had turned like the passenger

that had sailed in some ship before me, from the many that say things, to the Lord High Admiral of the seas, whom I thought could, if He would, lift up upon me the light of His countenance. But no light came, no audible voice answered the question, either to the dreaming soul, or to the outward ear. I repeated it to myself in another form, and said one hundred times or more, "Let there be light! let there be light!" Then I said, "If there is a Great Lord, who by His countenance can throw light upon this dark problem, why does He hide Himself, and leave me here to wrestle with it all alone?"

Oh, the agony of those morning hours that I spent in immortal combat with the immortal fiends of darkness, that held the fortress of my soul. It is now over a decade since I awoke from my dream, and yet it makes me shudder every time that memory carries me back to that part of it, in which is fixed—and forever fixed—the scenes of that day.

But, to continue the narrative of what then happened, as I was fighting in the dark with the invisible foe, I heard a knock at my cabin door; and I was so glad of some relief from the terrible strain that I was then undergoing, I almost yelled, "Come in"; and in walked the Preacher, and a young man with him about my own age. Without waiting to introduce the young man, the Preacher said, "I thought perhaps you were sick, since you did not put in an appearance at the dinner table."

"Why," said I, "is dinner over?"

"Yes," said he; "did you not hear the gong? Have you been asleep?"

"No," said I; "I have not been asleep; but I have been doing some hard thinking."

"On the same old problem?" said he.

"Yes," said I.

"Oh, then," said he, "you will come out all right, if it has taken such a hold of you that it has caused you to miss your dinner."

"I do not know about that," said I. "It seems as if there was nowhere to come out to. It seems darker than ever."

"How is that?" said he, with a smile. "You know, the darkest hour is just before the dawn."

Then I related to him my conversation with "Turnback," putting emphasis especially upon what "Turnback" had said about the Preacher and professing Christians.

When I had finished, "Excuse me," said he, "I ought to have introduced to you my friend, Mr. Holdfast. As you spoke, you made me think of him, and so I remembered that I had not introduced him. You will both excuse me, and now I will proceed to answer for myself, and the people to whom I preach. And, by the way, Mr. Holdfast here is one of them. I am glad he is here, as he can correct me if I err from the truth; and if I do not, I will ask him to confirm what I say.

"I acknowledge that there is some truth in what 'Turnback' says, when he says that the Preacher

does not always give a correct view of the life of the Christian on board this ship. I frankly acknowledge that there are stumbling-blocks within the Church, as well as without, for the young Christian. But, as to the first accusation, it is not that the Preacher wilfully keeps back a part of the truth; but, in his view, being able, with the eye of faith, to see through the cloud that hangs across the prow, and then, when the ship strikes, to be able to make the landing safely: these are the all-important things in connection with the voyage. Thus, the Preacher, in talking to the unconverted passengers, dwells, for the most part, upon these things. Just as our Great Captain said, when He preached to the unconverted passengers, 'What shall it profit a man, should he gain the whole world and lose his soul, or be cast away.' To be able to make the landing, in His mind, was of first importance; and then, afterwards, he told them of the trials, temptations, and persecutions of the voyage this side of the landing. The happiness that comes because you know you are safe, will immeasurably more than counterbalance all the tribulations that you are called upon to pass through, because you bear the name of Christ, our Great Captain. Therefore, we do, indeed, talk much to the unconverted about that happiness. We do not say much about the trials inside the Church, because, when placed alongside of the joys of being a follower of Jesus, as one has said in the chart, 'they are not worthy of being

compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us.'

"Now, as to the second accusation, that there are stumbling-blocks within the Church. I admit it; there are. But did you not notice that this man 'Turnback' is lame, and because those in the Church did not make even paths for his feet, he turned out of the way. He is a descendant of a tribe that took this voyage many centuries ago—a tribe that started out from the shores of a country called Egypt. When they would come to a dangerous place, or when provisions on board the ship would get scarce, they would shout out, 'Back to Egypt! back to Egypt!' But, if they had been mindful of that country from whence they came out, they would not have thought of returning. For in that country they were slaves, and were held in the most cruel and bitter bondage by one Pharaoh, who was king of that land; and hated this tribe that had settled in his dominions with a bitter hatred. But the old chains of slavery, and the old hatred of the king, were forgotten when they met with new trials in their path, and they only remembered the very few delights they had in their bondage—such as the leeks and the onions of Egypt. In like manner, 'Turnback' met with trials on the path, and he soon forgot that before he started out, he was the slave of that old tyrant, King Lustful, and that he got his lameness from falls received when he was hard driven with heavy burdens upon his back in

the service of the old king. These things are forgotten by him, and he only remembers the savoury scraps that were brought to him after a hard day's work, into the slaves' dining-shed, from the table of old King Lustful. And so little value does he set upon King Immanuel and His country, and His royal feast, that when a little difficulty arises, he will forego the prospect of what is laid up in store for him at the end of the voyage, for the sake of the pleasure he will receive from those scraps that come to him from King Lustful's table. I do indeed pity him, and I would be glad if it were possible to root out from the Church every hindrance to his progress. But I fear even if it were possible, it would do no good, so far as he is concerned, and others like him—for the cause of stumbling is not so much the obstruction in the path, as the infirmity in the flesh of the traveller.

"Next, as to that subscription list that was placed in his hand. I do not deny that in many of the saved passengers, the fruits of liberality are the slowest to come to maturity. I do not deny that, to many of these saved passengers, a subscription list going through the ship is like the last plague that went through the land of Egypt, before the children of Israel started out. The children of Israel shut themselves in from the angel, with the blood on their door posts, as much as to say, being behind the blood we are safe—let the Egyptians look out for themselves. So there are many of the saved passen-

gers, who, having got safely sheltered behind the blood of our Great Captain, settle down and say, 'we are safe—let those poor heathen in the steerage look out for themselves. What right have we to give of our money that they may be saved?' But this view of their rights and duties toward others, they obtained, not from a study of the life of our Great Captain who gave up all, but from their long training in the school of one Adam, the Old Man, whose school they attended for many years, before they entered on the new way of the saved life. The teaching of this Old Man still clings to them, and never more so than on those days when a subscription list is going round the ship. However, I have noticed that there are a great many on board amongst the saved passengers, who are unlearning what they learned in the Old Man's school, and are putting off the Old Man with his deeds, and are putting on the New Man that we read about in the chart, who is none other than our Great Captain, Christ. Some of those very persons that 'Turnback' complained of, if he were to go to them now, he would find that, during the time that he has been out of the fold, wandering around this ship, talking down the Christians—these same that he speaks of—have grown much into the way of life marked out for us in the chart. If he went now on a similar mission to the first, which unfortunately for him proved so disastrous to his faith, he would find that Bro. Bluntman would receive him cordially,

and Bro. Longwind would leave out many of the details of his story, and come more quickly to the cash; and so on, of the others. He would indeed find a great improvement.

"He warned you, if you came in amongst us, not to go round with a subscription list. I will warn you, not to go round with anything on board this ship, looking for perfection by the way. If you do, you will be doomed to disappointment and much vexation of spirit. So I admit, that 'Turnback' is right to a certain extent, when he says, 'that Christians on board this ship can hate each other, and get angry, and backbite, and slander.' Some of them can, to our shame, be it spoken. But you have seen the deckhands wash the deck on those mornings when you have been up very early." To this I assented. "Well," said he, "they washed the deck because we had left the prints of our feet upon it the day before. So with those Christians that hate each other, and are jealous, and envious of each other. The jealousy, and envy, and hatred, are only the tracks of the devil's feet that have not yet been washed out by the water of the Word from their human nature. The devil visited, and was entertained by mother Eve, when she was in that beautiful garden that our chart talks about, in consequence of which she was turned out, and had to take this voyage the same as we have. His tracks were found deeply imbedded in the nature of her descendants, and

ever since, when the devil visits this world, he makes human nature his footpath. At the time when our Great Captain took this voyage, many on board His ship were being made a lodging-house of by devils; but He drove the evil spirits out of those passengers. Now, when you see a saved passenger acting ugly, you can come to the conclusion that, at one time, his human nature was the home of an evil spirit, and that the Holy Spirit has not yet the footprints of the evil one washed out by the application of the Word. But our chart tells us that the washing shall be continued until every footprint is washed out, and the deck of the soul made whiter than snow.

"Now," said the Preacher, "we will hear what Bro. Holdfast says. According to the chart, 'In the mouth of two or three witnesses, let every word be established.' Say on, Bro. Holdfast. If I have spoken the truth, bear witness to it; if not, correct me, and give our friend here the benefit of your experience. By the way, you made a start, did you not, about the same time that 'Turn-back' did? Did you not come out when Evangelists Expounder and Arouser held a ten days' meeting?"

"We did," said "Holdfast." "I remember 'Turn-back' quite well. For a time he did run well. Who hindered him from continuing to obey the truth, I do not know. But I noticed, even in the early part of his life, as a saved passenger that,

whereas, he seemed to rejoice greatly in the new light he had received, and also, in the bright prospect that awaited him at the landing, he did not seem to lose his love for his old companions. He did not come out and be separate. Of course, he came out, but he did not separate himself from them. He seemed to think that he could enjoy their company as well as that of the Christians. At first he just began to laugh and joke a little with them, and I rather think that gradually, when they began to joke about the saved passengers, he got to joking about them too. And so, after he began to joke about them, he ceased to attend, so frequently, their meetings. I noticed that, although he and I had been very intimate at first, after a time he shunned me, and acted as if he would rather be in the company of one 'Demas' than with me.

"Now, this 'Demas' had three friends, one a 'Mr. Greed,' from Grinder's Point; another, a 'Mr. Gush,' from Vain-glory land; and a third, a 'Mr. Guffaw,' who had lived in a tent on a vacant lot in Gutter Town, the capital of the Cackling country. 'Demas' made 'Turnback' acquainted with these three friends of his; and I often saw 'Demas' and 'Turnback' and 'Greed' and 'Gush' and 'Guffaw' standing together joking at the end of the hall, when I would be going into the prayer-room. At first he looked as if he was ashamed of being found in such company at the time of prayer; but I noticed that after

a time he did not seem to mind. In a few weeks he seemed to have lost this sense of shame. What with these new friends and his old associates, I suppose he gradually became allured from the right path, and has gone back, like those four-footed animals we read about in the chart. I acknowledge that at times since I made a start in the right path I have been tempted to go back myself. But the power that was within to hold me fast seemed to be greater than the attractions without. That power controlled my reasoning faculties when I made comparisons between the old way and the new, so that the conclusions arrived at were always to the advantage of the new way, and to the disadvantage of the old. At such times I could truly say, 'The things that were gain to me I counted loss,' when compared with our Great Captain, Christ. If I thought of going back, because of the imperfection I found in the Church, it would have only been according to the current expression on board the ship—'out of the frying-pan into the fire.' Whither would I go that I would not find imperfection? If I went amongst my former companions, behold, it was there! If I made new friends, I had every reason to believe, from my knowledge of human nature, that I would not find them faultless. If I coiled myself up within myself, like a snail ensconcing himself within his shell, even there I found my habitation was the home of imperfection. So I gave up the search for a nook or corner within or

without myself on board this ship where imperfection did not dwell.

"When I thought of the evil in the ship, and how it came in, I was sadly puzzled and perplexed. But I came to the conclusion that if I did not like the evil to be in the ship, the wisest course for me to pursue was to bring no more in, and to get what was in out as quickly as possible. For the manufacture of this commodity called evil or imperfection is, as I think, a kind of home industry—every passenger manufactures for himself, and from himself. Like that spider up there (pointing to a spider on the ceiling) spinning out his web. One thing I know, that as soon as I was able with the eye of faith to see through the cloud to the regions beyond, I began to hate the evil I found in my own heart, and to love the good. I knew also that now there was a power working within me for the eradication of that evil; and I made up my mind that I would go to work also, and work along upon that line. I am now in partnership with that power, and the contract we have in hand and on hand is to sweep clean and scrub 'Holdfast's' heart of every trace of the footprints of the Evil One.

"When we get through, I intend to turn my attention to some other passenger. But I fear this ship will be at the landing, or have gone to the bottom, if this wind rises much higher before we get through; for I do confess, the more I sweep and scrub, the more I see there is that needs the brush

and the broom. This is where I think 'Turnback' made a mistake ; he turned his attention to the other passengers too soon, before he had his own deck clean. Not but what I have been tempted to do the same, but my partner in the business of soul-cleansing seems to say to me continually, self first, self first ; and so he keeps me at it. And I think this is a kind of a self-first selfishness that is more than excusable ; it is even commendable. For what better cry can come from a passenger's heart than those words of the chart, 'Create within me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me ?' I have so far advanced in theology now, that when I see my fellow-passenger's faults, they only remind me of my own, so that I see not an occasion for berating him, but of continuing the great work of soul-cleansing within myself—like a passenger that took this voyage closely in the wake of our Great Captain's ship, who said : 'O wretched man that I am ! who shall deliver me from the body of this death ?' You see, he put the emphasis on the *me*, not on the back of his fellow-passenger.

"Now," said he, "not to prolong my experience to the wearisome point, as you must be hungry and perhaps need the cook more than the theologian, I would just say, that since I accepted of the Great Captain as my Guide and Saviour, I have at all times had a sense of security so far as the landing of this ship is concerned, and the entering of the next state of existence. I have also had, especially when I

kept His commandments, seasons of great joy, so that I could truly say, 'Yea, I have a goodly heritage—the lines have fallen to me in pleasant places—my cup runneth over.'

"I can conscientiously confirm all that the Preacher has said. I would not go back with 'Turnback'—no, not for the world. But, on the other hand, by His grace, I mean to press forward toward the mark for the prize of my high calling of God in Christ Jesus. I intend by His grace, to hold fast that which He has given me, until He comes to meet me, where the ship goes to pieces on the sunken reefs."

Thus ended "Holdfast's" speech. I was not glad to have it come to an end, for although while he spoke, he stood holding on to the side of my bed to steady himself; and although sometimes he had to speak in a very high tone to make himself heard above the splash of the waves that were now dashing up high against the sides of the ship, yet because of the evidence he gave being new, and because of the earnestness with which he spoke, I enjoyed his somewhat lengthy speech very much. So I said, when he had finished, "Gentlemen, if you are willing to talk on, I am quite willing to listen. I am not at all tired, and as for being hungry, I have no inclination to eat; besides, it is now far past the time of the mid-day meal."

To which the Preacher responded, "I am glad that 'Holdfast' has spoken so candidly, and at such length, upon this subject. But I think that it

would be unwise for us to trespass any further upon your time just now. If you wish, now that 'Holdfast' and you have become acquainted, you can have, at an early date, another conversation on the same subject. I know 'Holdfast' will always be pleased to talk with you upon this subject, for it is one that lies near his heart, and you know your chart tells you, 'Out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh.' Will you not, 'Holdfast'?" said the Preacher, turning to "Holdfast."

"Certainly, I will," said "Holdfast."

So they started to take their leave of me, the Preacher turning round to say to me, "Will you not come to the prayer-room to-night at eight o'clock?"

"I will see," said I. "Most likely I will."

Now I saw in my dream, that, after they had gone, I again fell to meditating upon all that I had heard from them, while they stood there speaking with me and holding on by the side of my bed. I said to myself, "There must be something in it." I remembered having read somewhere in the chart, "He that is first in his own cause seemeth just; but his neighbour cometh and searcheth him."

These words now ran through my mind, and they seemed applicable to "Turnback." He had been first in his own cause, but the others had searched him, and I felt now convinced of their honesty. I said, "Yes; there is something in it. In what? In getting hold of some truth that will steady the nerves of my soul, as I look out against that dark

cloud that stretches across in front of the prow of this ship, as she now rolls over the billows, bound for Eternity. I believe," said I to myself, "'Hold-fast' has it. He is not paid for preaching. I can get it, and I will."

So I reached out for the chart. It was so dark I could not see to read where I was, so I moved up near the little round window, and read where I happened to open the book, "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven." Why, I remembered, that was the question the Preacher asked me the first time he spoke to me, "Have you been converted?" I answered to myself, "No, not yet; but I mean to be." I had heard the expression on board, "Once a man, twice a child." Does that mean a child in youth—a child again at conversion? Perhaps it does! Now I must get converted, and become as a little child. Can I convert myself? Can the Preacher convert me? These were the questions that agitated my mind when the gong sounded for supper. I threw down the chart upon the bed, and said, "After supper I will go to the prayer-meeting and see if I can get converted."

The supper table, so far as conversation was concerned, was dull that evening. A number of seats were vacant, and those that were present did not seem in the mood for talking. Everyone seemed to be feeding upon his own thoughts. I was thinking of how I would feel when I was converted, a point in

my life on board the ship, that I thought was now near at hand.

After supper, I dressed myself for the prayer-room, and waited with some impatience the hour for the beginning of the meeting. I was prompt on time ; and on my arrival, I noticed the Preacher at one end of the room sitting upon a raised platform. He looked pleased to see me come in and take my seat. Soon he began the meeting ; although not very many were present, others came in after. I enjoyed the singing exceedingly. It was a delightful change, after listening all day to the splash, splash of the water against the sides of the ship.

After the singing, the Preacher said, "Let us pray." I, following the example of the others, bowed my head and listened, while the Preacher prayed. He thanked God that we were there, and until that moment, we had been saved from the perils of the great deep, and then asked God's blessing to rest upon those that were there, and upon those that would come in later on in the meeting, and upon those that would take part in the meeting, and ended up by saying, "for Christ's sake, Amen." Another hymn was sung ! It was :

"Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high :
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past ;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last !"

was now
 prayer-
 the hour
 prompt on
 acher at
 platform.
 take my
 ough not
 after. I
 delight-
 e splash,
 e ship.
 "Let us
 e others,
 Preacher
 here, and
 from the
 d's bless-
 and upon
 meeting,
 meeting,
 e, Amen."

Under the circumstances, how appropriate seemed that hymn! For the storm was yet raging, and so unsteady was the ship, the worshippers had difficulty in keeping their seats, and whenever the Preacher rose up to announce a hymn, he held on with one hand to the little desk in front of him. The waters did indeed seem on that evening, to roll very near to us. I was glad I was there. Somehow, although I was not a Christian, I felt that if the ship went down, I would rather go down in that prayer-room, and in that company, than in any other part of the ship. After the singing, several others led in prayer. I was not in a mood to follow closely their prayers, neither was I disposed to criticise. My own thoughts were wandering. I was wondering what effect all this would have upon me, and if it would be the means of my conversion. But my attention was fastened by the Preacher saying, "We will read a chapter on navigation from the chart. Please find," said he, "the sixth chapter of John's gospel, and the fifteenth verse."

Very few had their charts with them; those that had, found the place and followed him, while he read to the end of the twenty-first verse, as follows:

"When Jesus therefore perceived that they would come and take him by force, to make him a king, he departed again into a mountain himself alone. And when even was now come, his disciples went down unto the sea, and entered into a ship, and went over the sea towards Capernaum. And it was

now dark, and Jesus was not come to them. And the sea arose by reason of a great wind that blew. So when they had rowed about five and twenty or thirty furlongs, they see Jesus walking on the sea, and drawing nigh unto the ship: and they were afraid. But he saith unto them, It is I; be not afraid. Then they willingly received him into the ship: and immediately the ship was at the land whither they went."

"We are not," said he, "the first voyagers that have been on board a ship in a storm. Away back, eighteen hundred years ago, the followers of Jesus were out in a storm on their way to Eternity; and Jesus was not with them, and I rather think they were afraid.

"So it is now," said he; "every one on board this ship, who has not Jesus with him, is more or less afraid." And as he said these words, he looked, as I thought, right at me. I was not ready to acknowledge that I was afraid; but, on close examination, I found that there was a little trembling round the region of the heart.

"Why," said he, "is it that our meeting is not disturbed to-night as it has been on evenings when the sea is calm? Why is it that the dancers have ceased? Why is it that we do not hear the loud laughter over the wine table to-night, like the crackling of thorns under a pot, as we did on the evening of our last prayer-meeting?

"Because," said he, "those that do such things

have not the Lord Jesus with them, and they are afraid. Fear and frolic are never found together on board this ship. 'But they see Jesus walking on the sea approaching their ship.' Now they are still more afraid. 'But Jesus said unto them, It is I; be not afraid. And they, when they knew it was Jesus, were glad to receive Him into the ship; and immediately their fears were at an end, and the ship was at the land whither they went.'

"So it is now," said he, "if we will only have Jesus with us on board this ship; no matter how loud and long the storm rages, Christ will bring us to the landing in spite of the storm. Therefore we have nothing to fear. Let us, then, sing three stanzas of

" 'The Lord's our rock, in Him we hide,
A shelter in the time of storm.' "

After the singing, he said: "The meeting is now open for all who wish to take part."

Several arose and told how glad they were because they had started out to serve Jesus. Then a young man said, "Let us pray." As soon as I heard his voice, I knew it was "Holdfast," and I was all attention. He seemed to pray right from his heart, and I thought he had me before him, for he said: "Lord, if there is anyone here that is unconverted, have mercy upon that one, and lead him to Jesus. Help him to have Jesus with him on board this ship, so that he may have no fear in the time of storms."

After this prayer, the Preacher said: "I was glad to see the earnestness manifested in our young brother's prayer for the unconverted. Now, if there is one in this meeting that desires our prayers for his conversion, would that one please hold up the hand." There was a long pause, but no hand went up. I felt that I ought to raise mine, for I did want to be converted. My thoughts flew to my right hand, as it seemed to me that was the one to raise. But no, it would not go up. It seemed as if a muscular paralysis had settled upon that side of my body. Then my thoughts flew to my left. It would not go up either. It seemed to me the moment I linked the raising of my hand with the idea of getting my soul converted, that moment brought the incubus of paralysis upon the hand that I had linked with my soul's conversion. So I sat in my seat bewildered with this new phase in my experience as a dreaming passenger on board a ship bound for Eternity. Another knot was in the cordage. The strings of time were again entangled with strings eternal, and the sheet would not go up until the knot was loosed.

The silence was oppressive during those moments that the Preacher waited for someone to raise his hand as a token of his desire to cross the dividing line between the saved and the unsaved. He broke the silence by saying: "This may be the supreme moment of decision for some soul here to-night. Before our next prayer-meeting, the ship may have

gone down or arrived at the landing. Will no hand go up? You who know that you are not prepared to buffet the waves as they break upon the eternal shores, will you not now, as you listen to the thunder of their roll against the ship, hear that other voice that is calling you to a place of safety—to the only place of shelter in the time of storm." Then he sang:

"God calling yet! shall I not hear?
Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
Shall life's swift passing years all fly,
And still my soul in slumber lie?"

As he ceased singing, he looked round for a hand, ending his sweep of vision by letting his eyes rest on me.

Within my soul the struggle was still going on. I wanted to, but I would not and could not—or, I could not and would not. Yet, I knew that that hand had been obedient to my call ever since I had put foot on board the ship. Several times I had raised it on deck, when "Have-a-good-time" had asked those who would like to go below and have a game of cards to raise their hands. Now it would not go up, that it might have eternal life—or, it had not life that it might go up—which? I did not get time just then to settle the question, for greatly to my relief, the Preacher said, "Arise, and I will dismiss the meeting."

He dismissed the meeting with a short prayer, in which he prayed earnestly for those who had come

almost to the point of decision, and were halting between two opinions. As soon as the meeting was dismissed, a number of the saved passengers looked at me, as if it were a new thing under the sun to see an unsaved passenger in the prayer-room. I felt a little uneasy under their gaze, but I was soon put at ease by "Holdfast" coming up and taking me by the hand and saying, "I am glad to see you in the prayer-meeting, and I hope that after this you will come to every meeting." While he talked with me, the Preacher was saying "Good-night" to the others. Having done this, he came up and took my hand and said, "I think you are not far from the Kingdom. I will leave 'Holdfast' to talk with you as I have duties elsewhere."

Having thus spoken, he shook my hand heartily, and left me with "Holdfast." I opened my mind to "Holdfast," as he was about my own age, told him about the struggle I had had with my hand, when I wanted to hold it up, and so on. He told me he had passed through the same experience, and that finally, he had been able to hold up his hand by asking God to help him. I said, "Can you explain to me, how it is that we are so helpless, when we want to take a step in the right direction?"

"There is a big theological problem involved in that," said he; "I think it is called the 'How to reconcile the free will of man with the sovereignty of God.' I have heard also, that it is such a hard problem to solve, that a thousand generations who

have sailed over these waters worked at it, and then did not succeed in finding the answer until they arrived at the landing. But when they arrived at the city, just up over the brow of the hill from the landing, they came face to face with the answer to this problem. But what is the answer is kept a secret until this day. You know our chart tells us, 'Now we walk by faith, not by sight. Now we see through a glass darkly, then face to face. Now we know in part, then shall we know even as we are known.' If you will come around to my berth to-morrow morning, I will tell you the part that I know; and what I think of the helpless state of the unconverted man."

Having thus spoken, he bade me "good-night," telling me as he did so, to take everything to the Lord in prayer.

I found my berth, and once more I was alone to think it out for myself. The prayer-meeting passed before my mind like the rough sea had passed before my eyes in the twilight. Only the tops of the higher waves as they curled over had been visible. So now, it was only the words, and prayers, and songs that had been uttered at the greater heights of feeling, that held a distinct place in my memory; all the rest of what had been said and sung, remained in the indistinct trough of the mind's sea, to be resurrected, perhaps, when the trough should become the crest of a wave. I was pleased to think I had been at the prayer-meeting. Though I had not been con-

verted, I felt that I was steering in the right direction. Before retiring for the night, I remembered the words of "Holdfast," and prayed earnestly that before morning the light might dawn upon my soul. Then I climbed up into my couch, and while picturing to myself the joy of the converted man, I fell asleep and slept sweetly until morning.

When I awoke, I found that during the night the storm had subsided. The motion of the ship was now quite steady. The sea itself was seeking rest after the storm. At breakfast I found a full table, and everybody seemed to be in good spirits. Mr. By-and-by bordered on the boisterous in his conversation with Mr. Have-a-good-time. Said he, "It is just as I have said, and just as I have always found it since I came on board this ship, there is always a calm after every storm. The old sea has been roisterously rollicsome for a day or two, but now she is settling down to let us have a roll and a rumpus."

"You mean, to let us have a big breakfast," said Mr. Self-indulgence.

"It will be a stormy day, when you don't have that," said Mr. Have-a-good-time. "Have you missed a meal since you came on board?"

"No," said Mr. Self-indulgence, "I have not, nor do I mean to."

"I am glad of that," said Mr. Have-a-good-time.

"Might I ask why?" said Mr. Self-indulgence.

"Because," said Mr. Have-a-good-time, "I want to write your epitaph when we arrive at Tombs'

Town, that place our friend, the Preacher, talks of, and I was at a loss to know what good thing to say of you. But now I have it. I will write:

“ ‘In loving remembrance—
Here lies a man that never missed a meal.’ ”

At this there was a laugh. “I am not through with the epitaph,” said Mr. Have-a-good-time.

“Go on!” said several voices.

Mr. Have-a-good-time continued:

“In loving remembrance—
Here lies a man that never missed a meal,
And if he'd sailed forever on this flood
His sorrowing friends record ‘that miss a meal
he never would.’

—Amen.”

“Don't put ‘amen’ to it,” said Miss Highflyer. “Because if you do, people will think the Preacher wrote it, and they might think that Mr. Self-indulgence was a praying man.”

“So he is a *preying* man,” said Mr. Sceptic. “I met him at eleven o'clock last night with a limb of a turkey in his hand.”

“Better put ‘A man’ to it than ‘Amen,’” said Miss Giggles, “so that there can be no mistake as to his identity.”

“What I have written I have written,” said Mr. Have-a-good-time.

I give this as a sample of the conversation that took place at the breakfast table that morning.

Although I was compelled to listen to it, I did not enjoy it. Such conversation had lost the charm it once had for me.

Breakfast being over, according to my promise, I went to "Holdfast's" berth, and found him reading his chart. He opened the door, saying as he did so, "I was just having my morning worship. If you do not object, we will have it together; you can read, and I will pray. Here," said he, "is where I was reading. I began at the beginning of the chart, and am reading it through."

I read what is called in the chart, the "Ninety-fourth Psalm." When I read the eighth and ninth verses, which read as follows, "Understand, ye brutish among the people: and ye fools, when will ye be wise? He that planted the ear, shall he not hear? He that formed the eye, shall he not see?"

At this "Holdfast" interrupted me by saying, "Are those words not applicable to much of the conversation at the breakfast table this morning? Yet we cannot expect anything better from those passengers, for you know, out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh. Their hearts are full this morning; full of the pleasures of life, that come from good health, a calm sea, a fine morning, and a good breakfast. There was nothing very wicked in their conversation, and nothing edifying. Like a column in some of the religious papers on board, headed 'Just for Fun,' it was just for fun, and indi-

cated that there was not much of the fear of God before their eyes. For I think that it would have been more fitting to have given vent to our feelings in a song of praise to God for preserving us through another storm, and making the sea calm before us. But excuse me for interrupting you."

So I read to the end of the psalm, after which I bowed my knees with "Holdfast" in prayer. He gave thanks to God for His mercies in keeping us during the night, and for bringing us to see the light of such a beautiful morning—concluding his prayer by asking God to reveal Himself to me upon that day, so that that day might be to me the beginning of a new life of faith in Jesus, the Great Captain of our salvation.

After prayer, upon rising from our knees, I took a look round "Holdfast's" berth, which was much like my own, with the exception of a few books upon a swinging shelf. I fastened my eyes upon these, when "Holdfast," seeing that I was interested, said, "Are you fond of books?"

I said, "Yes."

"Well," said he, "I have not many, but what few there are, you are welcome to." So he went to the shelf and pulled some down (reading their titles as he did so). "This," said he, "is the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' by John Bunyan—a passenger who took this voyage about two centuries ago. This," said he, "is the 'Christian's Secret of a Happy Life'—both of them good books—helpful, especially, to those who

wish to find out some of the secrets of successful navigation.

"But," said he, "that reminds me, I was to tell you my experience this morning regarding the helplessness of the sinner; and, also, what I think about that great unanswered problem in theology. I scarcely know where to begin, but I think I shall begin with this book (holding up the 'Pilgrim's Progress' as he said so). John Bunyan represents his Pilgrim as starting out, because of a great burden on his back. For a long time before I started out, I tried to feel that burden on my back. I have no doubt but many passengers do feel greatly the burden of their sins, and are almost driven to despair, before they seek and find ease from their burden. But such was not my experience. I never was what is commonly called a 'great sinner.' My father's name was Mr. Dought. He lived in Moral Town, hard by the synagogue, and had the reputation of being a very good-living man. He was very strict, and taught us boys to keep the ten commandments, to work hard, and to look out for number one. So I was kept at it from morning till night, and therefore did not get time to become a great sinner. Thus, being brought up in the atmosphere of the synagogue, I started on this voyage with no great load of sin on my back. It was rather a load of self-righteousness that I carried. I could almost say, with a certain young man that came to our Great Captain to inquire the way of eternal life,

'All these things have I kept from my youth up.' Like him, also, I wanted to inherit something beyond. My common-sense told me that there must be something after this voyage. I wanted to have the papers giving me the inheritance, made out and signed before the shipwreck would come, and this it was that troubled me. Where to go, or what to do, in order to obtain a title to the good things that I believed must be laid up in store for the good people—this was what puzzled me, and made life on board the ship very unsatisfactory, and finally, wearisome, until I secured my title to the inheritance beyond.

"Often at night when I paced the deck and looked out upon the waters lit up by the dim light of the twinkling stars, as some creature of the deep would rise to the surface to take breath and then disappear, leaving only little circles of ripples behind him, I would ask myself, is this a simile of my life? Have I, too, only come from the depths of the unknown for a little breathing spell, that I may return from whence I came, and only leave behind me a few little ripples to remind the onlookers that I also had once been to the surface and had returned from whence I came? Or is my life to be like those stars that shine on forever, and who from other spheres have looked down upon the countless generations that have navigated these waters? I would say to myself, 'Do these generations still live, and think, somewhere, in the vast realms of space, or have they

sunk forever into endless night?' If they had, then it seemed to me that the gods only kept the wheels of the universe in motion to build up the place called Tombs' Town. At this my common-sense rebelled, and I said, according to the current expressions on board, if that were so, 'the game would not be worth the candle.' Then there must be something beyond. Thus I whiled away the hours of many an evening on deck, in meditation upon these things. Besides, I was often agitated on account of any unusual occurrence that would happen in connection with the voyage. I remember one morning there was a small flock of sea-gulls that suddenly broke through the cloud that hangs across in front of the prow of the ship. They were much whiter than those which follow us and pick up the refuse from the kitchen. For about an hour they kept circling round the ship, uttering their plaintive notes. Nor would they settle down upon any food that was thrown overboard. Finally they departed through the cloud as suddenly as they came. Various were the conjectures on board after they had departed, as to what they were and whence they came. Mr. Greathead, the Philosopher, said they were a species of a '*rara avis*' that inhabited the heights of the inscrutable country, and they had just paid us a visit out of curiosity. This explanation appeared to satisfy most of the passengers, as most of them are prone to depend upon the wisdom of the Philosopher; so much so that, when he has pro-

nounced upon a thing, their speculations about it usually come to an end. But it was not so with me. I reasoned that those birds had come to us from the Country whither we were bound. They would not mingle with the other birds, neither would they taste the food that the other birds devoured greedily. Besides, they were of the purest white, and their plaintive notes, the musicians said, were in a much higher key than those of the ordinary birds. So, I said, 'He that runneth may read.' These are none other than winged messengers to us from the other world, warning us to prepare for the landing. They must have a home where they lay their eggs and hatch out their young, and their home is there. 'Here, then,' I said, 'is positive proof of another world beyond the landing, and as yet I have no title to an inheritance there.' This was the burden upon my back that often made me fold my arms upon, and lean my breast against, the deck rail of the ship, while my head hung down, because I could not look up, as one of our sweet hymns says, 'And read my title clear, to mansions in the skies?' While I was in this state of mind, the Preacher talked with me and prayed with me, and advised me to get one of Jesus' Charts, and read it for myself. I did so, but did not find any ease from my burden until I attended the meetings that were held in the prayer-room by the two Evangelists, 'Expounder' and 'Arouser.' It was in one of their meetings that I tried to hold up my hand for prayer. But like

yourself, I found that my hand would not go up. There I sat in the meeting, anxious to hold up my hand while 'Arouser' pleaded with us unsaved passengers, telling us to 'Beware! beware!' Then he would call out to us and say: 'Oh, you Godless and Christless souls! where will you spend eternity?'

"I wanted to spend it in the right place, but I could not hold up my hand. So one night before going to the meeting, I knelt down just underneath that bookshelf, and I said, 'O God, help me to hold up my hand to-night.' Do you believe it, but just as soon as 'Arouser' came to that part of the meeting where he asked for hands, that hand seemed to go up of itself. 'Expounder' saw it immediately, and said, 'Thank God, there is one hand up.' I felt now that God had taken hold of that hand, and with that hand I had in some mysterious way taken hold of God. It is a difficult problem to explain, but this is how I look upon it now, with my somewhat ripened experience. Man is a complex being, a bundle of contradictions, or rather, a bundle of voluntary and involuntary strings. These all have their place, and are governed by fixed laws, the same as this water is held in its place by the law of gravitation. The involuntary strings are under the fixed law of God. Physiologists call them 'involuntary muscles.' The voluntary strings, or voluntary muscles, are subject to the will. What is the will but the mind about its executive business, calling into action these muscles to put its plans into execution? Now,

the chart tells us that the carnal mind is enmity against God, for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be. That is the kind of a mind I had before my conversion: that is the kind of a mind you have now. Thus, you see, the fixed law of the carnal mind is enmity against God. That is why my hand would not go up for God. That is why your hand would not go up for God. We both wanted to raise our hands. In other words, we had desires to raise our hands. We felt we ought to raise our hands. These desires that, I have no doubt, came from above, were acting as motives to the will, trying to move the will to call up the hands for God. But though there had been a thousand desires acting upon the will, it was still under the fixed law of enmity towards God; and therefore would not, and could not, connect itself with the muscles to raise the arm, when the arm was to go up as a token that it and the rest of us—body, soul and spirit—would, henceforth, be upon the side of that Being that the mind was at enmity with. Thus, you see, the paralysis was in the will, not in the muscles of the arm. These muscles would respond just as quickly for Heaven as for the pursuit of the pleasures of this life, if the will had called them into action. The paralysis was in the will, because it could not act contrary to the fixed law imposed upon it by its own nature, no more than water of itself, and by itself, could start to run up hill. It was Adam, who by his fall, placed the whole human race under this

fixed law. There they have remained in all the generations of the past, until one stronger than the law has come to their rescue. That is why our Great Captain said, when He took this voyage, 'No man can come unto me except the Father which hath sent me draw him.'

Here I remembered that I had read somewhere in the chart, that the one whom "Holdfast" called the Great Captain, had also said, "Ye will not come unto me that ye might have life." So I mentioned this to "Holdfast," saying as I did so, "Does that not look as if those to whom the Great Captain spoke, could come, if they would, else why should He speak to them thus? He would not blame them for not coming, if they were under a fixed law that made their coming, so far as they were concerned, an impossibility."

To this remark of mine, "Holdfast" replied, "I do not believe these statements of the Great Captain are contradictory, neither are they incongruous. God is drawing every man in the right direction by His Spirit. Why, the common-sense that He has given us, is but His Spirit of wisdom and understanding lighting up these dark houses of clay. The dictates of common-sense are but the decrees of the Almighty, written in blood and brain. Where is the passenger on board this ship, who, if he were to follow the scent of his own common-sense, as the sea-gull follows the scent of the ship's kitchen, would not find himself busy at the charts, until he

had studied out and secured for himself the best place for his winged spirit to light down upon in Eternity. As our chart says, 'There is a spirit in man, and the breath of the Almighty giveth him understanding.' Were he to follow this higher understanding breathed into him by the Almighty, he would be drawn to Christ for the bread of life, as the sea-gull is drawn miles across the waves, to the table set for him by our cook, in the wake of the ship.

"But," as our Great Captain said, "'He will not come that he might have life.' That is, that he might have the higher life that he would be led to by the higher understanding. He will not come now, because he wants to indulge his lower appetites and passions a little longer—in living the lower life. Just as the rats in the hold of this ship prefer the hold to the deck, because they love the lower life in the darkness better than the upper life in the light; so there are passengers that prefer the hold of the lower life to the deck of the upper life, because their deeds being evil, they love the darkness rather than the light. It is possible for them to come to Christ—and they know that it is possible—for the higher understanding tells them, that if they wish to come, the Almighty God will help them to come. They can call upon God secretly, and He will reward them openly, by helping them to raise their hands or do something—that they may confess Jesus before their fellow-passengers

—just as He helped me, after I had called upon Him secretly.

“Perhaps here would be the proper place to bring in that great unanswered question in theology, that we spoke of yesterday. Do you remember it?”

“I think I do,” said I. “It is the reconciling of the free-will of man with the sovereign will of God.”

“That is it,” said “Holdfast.” “You will make quite a theologian after you become converted. I do not pretend to be able to reconcile the two, but I will tell you what I think about it. I will begin by asking, what is the sovereign will of God? It is the will of God in His character, as the supreme ruler of the universe. It is what He has determined by the exercise of His almighty power—shall be, or shall not be—in His universe. Now, what is the will of man? The mind about its executive business—calling into action everything over which it has any control. Next, what is the relation of the sovereign will to the created will? The sovereign will determined that the created will should be free. So there can be nothing in the decrees of God inconsistent with the freedom of man’s will. The only place where God curbs a man, is at the point of power. He is free to will to remove mountains, but he may not have the power. He is free to will God off His throne, and in obedience to the call of the will, his arm may be lifted up against the Almighty, like the little arm of the child against

the parent ; but God rebukes his foolishness at the power line—the line between the finite and the Infinite.

“ As our chart says, ‘ Hast thou an arm like God ? ’ Or, like the passenger on board this ship, who lends his money at interest to those who have none. To one he gives five dollars, to another two, and to another one. This money represents so much power for good or evil. The man with the five dollars is limited to five, the man with the two, to two, and the man with the one, to one. Once they get the money, they are free in the use of it, so far as it goes—so free that they can use it even against the best interests of the one who loaned it ; and he cannot hinder them until the time is up for payment to be made. The man with the one dollar is just as free to use it as the man with the five ; but he comes more quickly to the power line that has been fixed for him by the one who loaned the money. Pay-day comes, and the money, according to law, has to be returned. They are no longer free in the use of it. God is the money-lender. Pay-day comes when the ship arrives at the sunken reefs marked upon the chart. Until then our wills are free, so far as God is concerned, in the exercise of the power He has given us. Indeed, we are free to will to do far beyond the amount of power He has given us, but only able to do up to the power line that He has established for us. Hence, God by His sovereign will reconciled Himself to man’s free-will, when man had no

existence except as he existed in the mind of his Creator. He reconciled Himself to the existence of a free being like Himself, knowing the consequences, accepted the issue, and made the best of it, and in course of time brought forth the man with the free-will. Without this free-will, there could have been no responsibility; without responsibility, there could have been no man; and, without the man, there might have been other creatures on board this ship, but none like God. God exhibits through man a miniature picture of His own freedom and power. He put him in the Garden of Eden, and tried him—told him he might eat of all the trees but one. Of that one, He said, 'Thou shalt not eat of it.' Yet He did not put a fence round the tree. He left him to exercise his judgment, and use his freedom in taking, or not taking, the fruit.

"All might have been well, if it had not been for the Tempter coming into the garden and convincing the woman that it would be for their best interests to partake of the fruit. They did so, and brought upon themselves and their offspring the penalty attached to God's prohibitory decree. They lost Eden, and went forth under the sentence of death to till the ground, but they went forth with a tenfold greater consciousness of their own freedom, and the consequences involved therein. A new path back into the favour of God was pointed out to them, which, so far as God was concerned, they were free to take; and if they did not feel able to take the

path, they were free to ask God to help them, and they had His promise that He would send One to their assistance. Thus we read in our chart: 'Then began men to call upon the name of the Lord.' Those were the early navigators.

"And now," said "Holdfast," "to bring this somewhat lengthy dissertation on theology to a close, as it is time we went upon deck, let me apply it to yourself. You say you want to become a Christian, but you could not hold up your hand in the meeting. The sovereign will of God has not put anything in the way of your becoming a Christian. One of His decrees reads—(let me get the chart and read it)—'As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and live: turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die, O house of Israel?'

"That same decree, God has written in your brain and blood. It is often read to you by your higher understanding. It was written in the brain and blood of our Great Captain, Christ. He worked it out in His life; He shed it forth in His death, when He shed His blood for our sins. You have no pleasure in the death of the wicked."

"What do you mean," said I, "by the death of the wicked?"

"I mean," said "Holdfast," the life of the wicked on board this ship. According to God's idea of life and death, they are dead while they live—separated from Him—not in communion with Him. You

have no pleasure in your own death—you are not enjoying your life now. God has pleasure in those that turn to Him and live. You are beginning to look forward to that pleasure—though you have it not now in reality—you have it in anticipation. So you are, of your own free-will, coming into harmony with the will of God. You are convinced that it would be better for you to decide for Christ, as the way whereby you can find full and free acceptance with God. This is the work of the Spirit, in conjunction with the higher understanding. But the Tempter is in the garden, working against you, trying to hinder you. The time will come when, in your weakness, you will exercise your freedom of will, and call upon God to help you—and to help you will be an exercise of His sovereign will, in line with His own decree, and will not interfere in the least with your freedom. When that time comes, you will cross the line that separates the dead from the living, and you will be in possession of everlasting life. Now, let us go on deck."

So I saw in my dream, that "Holdfast" and I started for the deck. It seemed so refreshing to be once more upon deck. The air was cool and bracing, so much so that many of the passengers had on wraps to protect them from the cold wind. "Holdfast" walked towards the prow of the vessel. When we came in full view of the cloud that stretched across in front of the prow, he said, pointing to the cloud, "The time was when that used to

trouble me. I wondered what we were coming to next. It seemed such risky business to be on board a ship, where the pilot could not tell one minute what we were coming to the next—much less to tell what a day or an hour might bring forth. But,” said he, “it does not trouble me any more, now that I have Jesus for my Pilot. In fact, I am rather pleased that it is there, because, I have no doubt, it hides from me many imaginary dangers that otherwise I would see in the distance, and feel very anxious about for my own safety, and that of the ship and passengers. But now that I have taken Jesus as my Pilot, believing that He knows all about the course of the ship and the waters over which we are sailing, I rest contented, and enjoy all the voyage—the storm as well as the calm.”

“You mean to say, then,” said I, “that there is real enjoyment in this new way of the saved life.”

“Real enjoyment! real enjoyment!” said he, and then he seemed, as I thought, to warm up, and his face glowed with animation. “I should think there was real enjoyment in it,” said he. “I do not know why it is that unsaved passengers are so doubtful on that point. They seem to think that the Kingdom of Heaven is a place for dull, sleepy souls. Do our lungs not enjoy the air the same as yours, our eyes the outlook, our bodies the warmth of the sun, our palates the food that we eat, our ears the melody that creeps into them, the same as the unsaved passengers. As to spiritual enjoyments, we are up in

a higher realm. Our hearts have been put in tune with the orchestra of heaven. But how difficult it is for people to believe that those above them have any enjoyment. Just as if you went down to the bottom of these waters, you would find creatures revelling in the mud, and they think that mud is heaven, and those above them have no enjoyment. Come a little higher up, and you will find other creatures that live above the mud, but in the lower waters—they think where they live is heaven, and they are sorry for the poor creatures in the mud, and for the poor fish that they see swimming above them in the upper waters. Come to the upper waters, and they likewise are sorry for the creatures beneath them—they cannot see how there can be any enjoyment down near the bottom. They also look up and see these birds skimming through the air, the sunlight of heaven reflected from their beautiful wings, and they wonder if there can be any enjoyment above the waters. It would be hard to convince them that there is, for they are in the water, their proper element, the one suited to their nature. So it is on board this ship. There are some in the mud: others not far from it; others in the upper waters. Each enjoys his element, and thinks there is no heaven outside of it, because it is heaven to him. But the saved passenger is like these birds—he is in another element. In this element, on the wings of faith, he soars to the upper heavens, and wonders why he remained so long below, and why

people doubt him when he tells them he finds great enjoyment in his new element. But in order to be fully convinced that what I say is true, you will have to taste for yourself the good word of God and the pleasures of the World-to-come."

"Do you mean," said I, "the pleasures of the world beyond the World-to-come Promontory?"

"Yes," said he, "that is what I mean. Just as the cook when preparing a savoury dish for supper, sometimes sends a taste of it round among the passengers beforehand, to whet their appetites for what is soon to be on the supper table, so our Great Captain gives us a taste of the pleasures of the World-to-come, to whet our appetites for the great supper that He is preparing for us when we arrive at the landing. Now, be frank with me," said he, "and tell me just how you feel? I want to help you."

As he said these words, in my dream my heart seemed to respond to his heart, and I imagined that I told him all. I thought I spoke as follows: "I have no appetite," said I, "for either worlds at present. I see 'Sceptic' and 'Have-a-good-time' and Miss Frivolous and others of my companions yonder upon the deck, enjoying themselves, but I have no desire to join them. Their laughter falls upon my ear with a jarring sound, and seems to awaken in my soul echoes of madness and despair. There is something that I want, that I have not, and never had. What is it? My soul hungers for bread of

some kind. The time was, when this ship, with its good dinners, its games, its amusements, its pleasant company, filled it, and I said, 'It is enough,' but not so now. I look at ship and sky—to the heavens above, to the waters beneath—I draw them with my eyes into my soul, but it still seems empty, a great void. I cannot fill it, what shall I do?"

"Believe! Believe! Believe that Christ died for you," said "Holdfast," "and your soul will be filled with all the fulness of God."

"I cannot believe, for I don't believe," said I. "I did not see Him die, and there is not one on board this ship that did."

"No," said "Holdfast," "but what does your chart say? We have to believe on the authority of those that did see Him—those that took this voyage with him saw Him die—and they have left it on record for our benefit."

While I was meditating on these words of "Holdfast," my eyes with a vacant stare fixed on the waters below, a hand was laid on my shoulder, and, looking round, I saw the Preacher.

"Glad to see you in the company of my friend 'Holdfast,'" said he. "I suppose you and he are getting quite intimate."

"Yes," said I, "we seem to be taking very kindly to each other."

"Hope you enjoyed the meeting last night," said he.

"I did, very well," said I, in a kind of a dreamy

way, for the turn in my mind was too quick for me to speak with earnestness and decision.

"You and 'Holdfast,'" said he, "are taking the benefit of the bracing atmosphere this morning. It reminds us that winter is approaching, and we may expect this calm to be soon followed by another storm. I should not be surprised if the ship arrives at the landing some time this winter. In fact," said he, "a great many of the saved passengers are impressed with the idea that His coming is drawing nigh. I have just been talking with 'Old Saintly,' and he says he is hourly expecting the coming of the Lord. He says, that last night he dreamt that the ship was at the landing, and that while her keel grated on the sunken reefs, he imagined it shook his aged frame so, that his spirit was freed from his body. He thought that instantly he became strong and active and wide awake, just as he was when at his best in his younger days; and that he started out to find the new world quite as eagerly as he had started, many years ago, upon this voyage. Said he, 'I was so eager to get there, I imagined that I only waited to say "farewell" to a few of my nearest fellow-sufferers, and to my old body, that looked so lonely and deserted after I had gone. And when I turned to go,' said he, 'in the twinkling of an eye I was through the veil that hangs across in front of the prow of the ship.'

"'It was light all about me—and such light—it seemed to light up everything. It seemed to come

from bright clouds that hung over the top of the hill that I saw in the distance. But it was so penetrating, it shone right through everything, as the sunlight shines through glass. The very rocks and trees on the bank of the stream became transparent before it, so much so there was not a dark corner nor a shadow to be seen anywhere. The eyes of my spirit,' said he, 'though somewhat dazzled by the brightness of the new light, looked right straight ahead towards the hill, and I thought I saw our Great Captain coming with a company of angels to meet me. They appeared to come in chariots of clouds, like those out of which the light had come, and these chariots were drawn by horses of fire. Instantly they were by me, and I was seated in the front chariot with the Captain of my salvation, who said to me "Fear not, I am with thee, and it is our Father's good pleasure to give us the kingdom." On hearing these words, my spirit became joyful, and at the same moment the chariots started and the angels began to sing, "And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself."

" 'I thought to join in the chant with them, but the effort I made to sing woke me up. I was disappointed and sorry when I looked round and saw that I was still in the body and in the ship. But I think,' said Old Saintly, 'the time is drawing nigh, and it will not be long before my dream becomes a reality.' "

By this time I had collected my thoughts sufficiently to say to the Preacher, "You surely do not think that the ship will arrive at the landing while so many of these passengers are in that unprepared state you speak of. Not being ready to make the landing they will drift to the wrong side of the Promontory and be lost; and you say that if they are lost then, they are lost forever?"

To which the Preacher answered: "It certainly looks very much like as if they were sinning away their day of grace, as the antediluvians did. And our chart assures us that the landing will be made at a similar time to that in which Noah's ship left its harbour. The people of Noah's time were eating and drinking, and marrying and giving in marriage. That is what is going on now on board this ship. Many of these passengers think of nothing else except the next meal, the next wedding, or the next dance. Why, I have been asked to perform the marriage ceremony for some of your old companions. Most likely you will get an invitation to the double wedding that is then to take place."

"Pray who are to be married?" said I, with considerable interest manifested in my tone.

"Mr. Have-a-good-time," said he, "marries Miss Flyaway, and Mr. Self-indulgence marries Miss Giggles. The ceremony is to be performed this afternoon in the cabin, at three o'clock."

This news seemed also to interest "Holdfast," and he remarked, "I wonder how it will fare with

them when the cry rings through this ship, 'Behold the bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet him.'"

"As to that," said the Preacher, "marriage is honourable in all, but it ought not to occupy our thoughts to such an extent as to make us heedless of the commands of our Great Captain, and so neglect to make preparation for the World-to-come."

Soon it was apparent that something unusual was about to take place on board the ship. I thought, in my dream, that my attention was again diverted from the subject that "Holdfast" and I had been so earnestly discussing. Passengers were collecting in little groups, and talking in loud whispers, earnestness being manifested in their countenances. Others seemed to be in an uneasy frame of mind, so much so that they could neither sit nor stand in the same place for more than a few minutes at a time. It was evident that the coming marriage was beginning to occupy everyone's attention to the exclusion of everything else.

Presently, the Preacher said: "To-morrow is the Sabbath, and I have not my sermon finished yet, and there is that wedding this afternoon—you will please excuse me."

Then turning to me, he said: "You will come to the public service to-morrow evening, in the cabin."

"Yes," said I; "and what about the wedding this afternoon? Is it to be one of those public occasions at which there is a chair for the reporter?"

"Yes," said he; "I understand that the wedding

is to be public. But do not," said he, "let the wedding, or anything else, keep you from continuing your search for eternal life."

Having spoken these words, he left "Holdfast" and I to continue our conversation, if we thought fit to do so. "Holdfast" broke the silence by saying, "We must not let the cares of this voyage, or the deceitfulness of riches, or the pleasures of life, choke the word, so that it becomes unfruitful. If we attend the marriage, let us do so as if we were in the very presence of Jesus, the Great Captain of our salvation. It may be the last marriage we will witness on board this ship. It may be that, before another marriage takes place, we shall see our own blessed Bridegroom coming to take us to our bridal feast and to our everlasting home."

As he spoke these words, his eyes seemed to moisten, and there appeared to come a peaceful and radiant expression over his countenance; and while I looked I fancied I heard him sing, low and softly:

"O can we say we are ready, brother?
Ready for the soul's bright home;
Say, will He find you and me still watching,
Waiting, when the Lord shall come."

His singing about the everlasting home and the heavenly Bridegroom did not seem to interest many of the passengers. A few, however, moved nearer the singer, and listened with rapt attention, as if the music touched a responsive chord in their own

hearts. Those who were so soon to become earthly bridegrooms, and their friends, had now gone from the deck.

When "Holdfast" ceased singing, he looked earnestly at me, and said, "You will never be able to touch the deep springs of melody that there are in your soul, until you can confidently sing, 'I am ready for the soul's bright home.'"

I replied by saying, "Your singing seemed to touch other hearts as well as your own."

"Yes," said he, "I have no doubt but that in some of the passengers' hearts my song found an echo, whereas, to others, it would be no more than the whistling wind. You know, our chart says that on this voyage, 'they that are after the flesh, do mind the things of the flesh; but they that are after the Spirit, the things of the Spirit.' But it is near the noon hour, and I must go below, for like one Daniel that our chart tells us of, who took this voyage many centuries ago, I, too, find that it is a good thing to kneel upon my knees three times a day, and give thanks to God for His mercies, and pray to Him for guidance and protection. So you will please excuse me," said "Holdfast," "as it is near my hour for being in my berth alone with God. We will meet at the service to-morrow, if not before; and I hope, by God's grace, between now and then you will be able to settle the great question of your soul's salvation."

When "Holdfast" had gone, I again began to

ponder the great question. The more I thought of him and his words, the more I was convinced that he had solved the problem and had found the right answer. I felt while I was in his presence that, though a passenger on board like myself, he did not belong to the ship.

While I thus mused, I noticed a little girl coming towards me. When near me, I said, "What is your name?"

"My name," said she, "is Mary, but mamma calls me 'Little Trustful,' because I just believe everything Jesus says."

"What does Jesus say," said I, "that you believe?"

"Lots of things. Mamma reads them to me from the chart, and I can read some myself."

"Tell me some of them," said I.

"He says, 'Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.' He says in His Father's house are many big rooms, and He is gone to get them ready for us little girls, and He is coming for us to take us off this ship to those nice rooms. My papa is dead, and mamma says he is gone to heaven, and he is with Jesus; and I believe Jesus will be very good to my papa; don't you think He will? And I will see papa when Jesus takes mamma and me off this ship. That is my mamma down there with the sealskin coat. Do you know my mamma? I'll go and tell her you are here."

And so, before I had time to answer, she ran

along the deck, to where there was a lady standing in a group with several others, watching a school of porpoises sporting and swimming in the same direction with the ship.

After she had gone, I could not but think of her words: "Mamma calls me 'Little Trustful' because I just believe everything Jesus says." How these words reminded me of the words I had read in the chart: "Whosoever receiveth not the kingdom of God as a little child, shall in no case enter therein." Was this little child sent to me, as an angel of light, to teach me how to believe? Was I, a full-grown man, to believe with the same child-like simplicity that I saw in this little girl? Perhaps so! And yet I had been seeking to dig down into the awful hidden mystery of belief, instead of simply believing. But my meditations were disturbed by the gong.

Nothing unusual occurred until the hour arrived for the wedding. Then there was a hurrying to the cabin. In my dream I imagined that I was there in my official capacity as a reporter, and I tried to take in the scene so as to give a vivid description of it in the morning papers.

Such a display of fine dresses and glittering jewelry! There were silks and satins in all the colours of the rainbow. When I awoke from my dream, I could only give a faint description of that brilliant scene. Memory refused to recall all the particulars. But I remember thinking, while the pano-

rama of the wedding and the feast which followed, passed before me, that many a trunk and jewel case had to give up of their contents to furnish adornments for that grand bridal occasion.

Mr. Have-a-good-time and Miss Flyaway were the first to go through the trying ordeal that binds the future of two lives with one cord. There was a breathless silence, while the Preacher read in a somewhat tremulous voice: "Do you, Mr. Have-a-good-time, take Miss Flyaway, whom you now hold by the hand, as your true and lawful wedded wife: and, God helping you, will you love, cherish, honour, and protect her, cleaving only and ever unto her until God by death shall separate you?"

Mr. Have-a-good-time answered with a smile and a nod of the head, allowing his head to remain in a bowed attitude for some moments, while the Preacher read the same words to Miss Flyaway. She answered quickly, "I do."

The remainder of the ceremony was soon over, and the first couple moved away, the next taking their place before the Preacher, who still held the book in his hand.

Every eye was now fixed upon Mr. Self-indulgence and Miss Giggles. His face looked quite flushed, so much so that a Mrs. Hawkeye, who happened to be standing near me, whispered to her friend, Mrs. Tattle, "He is half-drunk now. I would not want a man like that for one of my daughters, would you?"

Before Mrs. Tattle could reply, the Preacher had begun the ceremony. While the reading proceeded, Mr. Self-indulgence's countenance became heavy—some would call it sordid, and others, serious. Miss Gigggle, on the other hand, had to hide her face at times behind a beautiful fan, to conceal the little ripples of laughter that would intrude themselves on the solemnity of the occasion.

Relief came when the Preacher said, "I pronounce you husband and wife, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Those whom God has joined together, let not man put asunder."

Then there were the usual congratulations. The brides were kissed by their lady friends, the bridegrooms' hands were heartily shaken by theirs, and they were wished many, many happy days and much joy during the remainder of the voyage.

Everyone seemed in good spirits. The feelings that had been pent up by the ceremony now broke loose, and there was a torrent of ecstasy rolling through the cabin. Presently the steward asked that the cabin might be vacated, so that the waiters could spread the table with the wedding-feast.

We had not been long out when we were recalled to the feast. The tables were loaded with the choicest wines and the richest viands that the ship's larder could produce. The captain took his place at the head of the table, with Mrs. Have-a-good-time on his right and Mrs. Self-indulgence on his left, their respective husbands next them. Next came

the intimate friends of the contracting parties, whose names I have already given the reader of my dream. Those of us who were merely onlookers, took our seats toward the other end of the table.

The feast began by the Captain proposing a toast and drinking to the health of the brides and bridegrooms. Course followed course, until the greatest gormandizer could not but say from the depths of his heart, "It is enough." The feasting was continued until far into the night. It soon became evident that the choice wines were testing the quality of many a brain. Hands and tongues were becoming a little unsteady under its potent influence. Mr. By-and-by arose from his seat and said: "I want to drink—drink—again to—to—the hell—hell—health of the brides." Said "Sceptic": "Listen! listen!—Mr. By-and-by is about to preach a sermon on hell." At this there was a laugh, which was followed by Mr. By-and-by saying: "No; let the Preacher do the preaching; I want to drink—drink—to the hell—health of our married friends—in—the—World—World-to-come." Having thus spoken, he drank the contents of his glass, to the great relief of those who were near by, who evidently had been in dread of an outward application of its contents.

Now, I saw in my dream, that at this point in the feast a number of the passengers vacated their seats at the table, and left the cabin, amongst whom were the Preacher and, "Holdfast," who took the lead. I also felt like leaving, but there was a voice in my

soul which said, "Wait awhile; if you go now they will say that you are tied to the coat-tail of the Preacher." Another voice answered and said, "You should not care what they say—dare to do right." "But," said the first voice again, "there is no harm in waiting to see the end of this feast." This brought my soul's controversy to a close, for at this point in the argument, I decided to remain and see the end of this marriage feast.

The departure of the Preacher and his friends was followed by a very brief interval of silence. It seemed to bring a hush over the company, from which they soon recovered, and then all restraint was laid aside. Mr. Have-a-good-time stood up, and said, "'The wicked flee when no man pursueth.' Now, let us close up the ranks, and drink to the health of our Parson—he did us a good job, anyway. Move up, you fellows from below," said he. So there was a movement, those from the farther end of the table filling the places of those who had departed. "Let us drink," said he, "as they do in Gloater's Land."

The liquor was poured into the glasses, and all stood up and touched their glasses, each guest touching glasses with the one to the right and left of him. The click of the glasses ran round the table, when, simultaneously, heads were thrown back, glasses lifted, and contents drained.

Mr. Have-a-good-time said, "Now, you have made your peace with the Preacher, go in and enjoy your-

selves." Amidst a burst of merriment, all again took their seats. Table etiquette was at an end. They drew near each other in groups, and drank, and joked, and laughed. Occasionally, someone was boisterous enough, or quick enough in retort, to draw the attention of all to himself, which would cause a lull in the gale of general hilarity, the boisterous winds for the time being having centred themselves in a whirl round this particular individual. But for the most part, each little circle had its own good time, and helped itself from the decanters according to the needs of its own appetite.

I do not know how long the feast would have lasted, or what would have been the outcome of it, had it not suddenly been broken up in the following manner: About midnight, while a number of the guests were leaning back, some convulsed in laughter, others draining their glasses, they saw the skylight of the cabin lit up by a flash of lightning. While they were remarking upon it, the cabin door was opened, and a sailor made his appearance, and, doffing his hat to the captain, said, "There's a terrible storm a-coming up, sir." The captain, without saying a word, rose from his seat and started for the deck. At the same time, the steward entered, and said, "Please to leave the cabin quickly as possible; we want to make everything secure before the storm comes up." This was followed by a heavy rumbling sound, which caused a vibration of the ship from stem to stern. Soon all were

trying to get on their feet. Those that were too much muddled by wine, were helped to steady themselves by their more sober companions. Jollity was at an end. All was now confusion, and terror sat upon many a countenance.

The steward and his assistants were hurrying with the clearing of the tables. Occasionally, a spirit, either more bold or more drunk than the others, would try to make a funny remark; but it fell flat upon the ears of the listeners, for the ship had already been struck by the advance wind gusts of the storm. Another flash of lightning lights up the skylight, and for a moment adds dazzling brilliancy to the cabin. Quickly it is followed by a peal of thunder, which makes the very planks of the old ship quiver beneath our feet. Someone said, "There is an earthquake beneath the sea." I remembered having read before, in my chart, about earthquakes in divers places, before the end cometh, and I was troubled. But still I lingered to see the end.

The two bridegrooms were helped to their berths by their more sober friends. Mr. By-and-by was so stupid that old "Hardheart" and "Closefist" had to almost carry him to his berth. Mr. Agnostic was trying in a very philosophical manner to still the noisy, drunken clamour of Mr. Sceptic and Mr. Turnback. The women, whose cheeks but an hour ago wore the tint of the ruby wine, were now pale as death with fright. Another flash of lightning and

burst of thunder cloud instantly followed. Crash ! Something had fallen on the deck above our heads ! For a moment all was silent in the cabin, during which time the voices of those in command could be heard above. The ship was now rolling so that the sober could not walk, and the drunken had fallen prostrate and blocked the way. The steward and his assistants came to the help of the helpless, and at last the cabin was cleared—the marriage feast was at an end.

Being about the farthest from the door, and being resolved to see the end, I was about the last to leave the cabin. As I went alone to my berth, steadying myself as best I could, I now wished I had gone when the Preacher and "Holdfast" went.

It was evident that there was some unusual commotion amongst the elements without. The great ship seemed at times to be lifted almost out of the water by the force of the wind, and then thrown forward as if wind and water were determined she should go down prow first. Again she seemed to dance like a toy on the crest of a big wave, and then, when she would plunge, her timbers would creak, as if the strain upon her joints must be something terrible.

I began to think the end had come. I did not like being alone. I shuddered at the thought of sinking down—down—all alone, into the depths beneath. Shall I try and make my way to "Holdfast's" berth ? He will think I am cowardly if I do. I wished him to think I was brave. So without undressing, I

rolled into my berth, braced myself, and began resolving, if I am spared through this storm, another shall not find me unprepared to go down or make the landing. I prayed to "Holdfast's" Great Captain to have mercy upon me.

I began to see that so far my life on board the ship had not been what it ought to have been. Though I had not been very wicked, yet I had not been pronounced upon the side of right. So while the billows were tossing without, I was tossing within. I was surely like the "troubled sea," I could not rest. How I longed for daylight. The excitement of the feast and the storm had driven sleep far from my couch. Morning came! Blessed light! It seemed to whisper, you have some time left yet to spend for good or evil. It fell gently upon my soul like oil upon the troubled waters, and I became calm. The sea, also, was evidently subsiding, for I could now remain in my berth without bracing myself.

I thought I slept, and so I did, for it was near noon when I opened my eyes and saw "Holdfast" bending over me.

"You must excuse me," said he, "for coming into your room and waking you up. But I was anxious lest something serious might have happened to you, either as the result of the feast or the storm of last night. I am glad," said he, "to see that you have survived both, and now that I have satisfied myself

that you are all right, I will leave you to do whatever you may think for the best."

Before I had time to arouse myself and answer, he was gone.

Gradually the scene of the previous evening came back to my recollection. But in the memory of it, there was no joy. Nothing that I had said or done gave me the slightest pleasure when now pondered upon with cool judgment. There was a slight satisfaction, however, in reflecting upon the fact that I had not made such a drunken fool of myself as some of the others had done. Yet this was almost balanced by conscience, which kept saying, "But you were in their company! But you were in their company." So, turning in disgust from the memory of the feast and the accusations of conscience, I thought upon the storm and my good resolutions arising therefrom. To these I now added another, which was I shall never be found in such a drunken feast again while I am on board this ship. Then I remembered that it was the Sabbath day, and that I promised to attend religious service. Hastily fixing my toilet, I next took the chart and opened it at a chapter on navigation, where it read, "Wherefore come out from among them and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing, and I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty."

After reading I spent some time in prayer, and

tried to look to Jesus, and tried to feel if I could feel anything like as if I was converted. But I had no assurance that such a change had taken place. I read in the chart until I went forth to dinner. About half the seats round the table were vacant. Neither of the bridegrooms was present. The seats were occupied almost altogether by those who had left the wedding-feast at an early hour. The storm was the topic of conversation. The captain said it was something new in his experience as a seaman to have such a sudden storm, and to have such thunder and lightning in cool weather and at that season of the year.

Mr. Greatehead, the Philosopher, who happened to be near the captain, was asked for his opinion. He said he thought the storm was caused by unusual electric pressure under the tropics. One of the electric currents, no doubt, he said, had gone aside from the ordinary path of currents, and had wildly taken a course into northern latitudes, and so happened to strike our ship.

The Preacher said he thought it was the beginning of the end, to which Mr. Agnostic replied, "I cannot see but that to-day all things remain as they were at the beginning of the voyage. We have the same ship, minus a spar, that was splintered by the lightning last night. The same sun is shining in the heavens, the same fish swim in the same waters, the same birds fly in the same air, the same cloud crosses the prow, and the same kind of people are behind

it on the vessel." To this speech there was no reply, and the remainder of the meal was taken, for the most part, in silence, except that I heard one, who was known on board the ship as Mr. Self-righteous, who sat next me, whisper to his friend, who was known as Mr. Very-Respectable, from the town of Do-the-best-you-can, "If it is the beginning of the end, I do not see that we have anything to fear, for I am certain our conduct on board this ship will compare favourably with the best of those who call themselves Christians."

"That is so," said Mr. Very-Respectable. Then, waiting to wipe his mouth with his napkin, he said, "I cannot see where or when we have committed any great sin."

The next thing I saw in my dream, I was attending the religious service on the Sabbath. Not there as a reporter, to report what was said for the good of others, but there as a hungry soul, desiring to be fed with the bread of life. I was so much in earnest that I could not bear even the slight frivolity that I saw amongst the singers; and the indifference and listlessness of some that I knew called themselves Christians, pained me. I could not understand why everybody should not be in the same mood as myself. And yet, there was this hazy thought in my dream: the last Sabbath evening service I attended as a reporter, I had been so indifferent that I had gone to sleep. I waited anxiously for the sermon to begin. Something seemed to tell me

it would on that day be food and medicine for my hungry, sin-sick soul.

The text was announced from the chart, "For they, being ignorant of God's righteousness, and going about to establish their own righteousness, have not submitted themselves unto the righteousness of God. For Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth."

"Friends," said the Preacher, "you will see at a glance that human nature has not changed since the days of the first navigators, who followed in the wake of our Great Captain's ship. Not their sins, but their own righteousness, stood in the way of their salvation. Instead of humbling themselves before Jesus, they built up their own righteousness before God. And so they compared their pile of righteousness with the pile that the followers of Jesus were building; and their pile always seemed to them to lie on a level with, if not a little higher than, that of the followers of Jesus. In their comparisons, they wilfully remained blind to the fact that Jesus was the end of the law for righteousness to all who were His true followers. So they built up their own righteousness, instead of submitting themselves to the righteousness of God, which righteousness of God was set forth in the life of none other but our Great Captain, Christ.

"The same thing," said he, "is going on now on board this ship. Passengers are comparing their pile with that of those of us who are the pronounced

followers of Christ, and they are saying if our pile reaches to heaven, theirs will be on a level with it, or not far behind it. They are wilfully blind to the fact that we are not going to land or walk up the golden streets of the city on the path of our own pile of self-righteousness, but by Him who said, 'I am the way, the truth and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by me.' We do not question their goodness. It passes as current coin on board this ship; but we do not believe it will admit them to heaven. Humility here must precede exaltation there. Honouring Christ and giving Him a place here must precede God honouring us, and giving us a place there. If we are ashamed to put ourselves under His leadership here, ashamed to be found steering by His chart, ashamed to be found wearing the life-preserver with the trade mark of the Cross and the Crown, He will be ashamed to take us up the landing when He cometh in the glory of His Father with the holy angels. And He is coming! The storm of last night was but His winged messenger heralding His approach. Why, even now I fancy I can feel a quickened speed to our vessel which betokens the end. Will you not all, then, lay aside the filthy rags of your own righteousness, and accept of Him and His righteousness as your safe passport to a landing at the World-to-come Promontory? You can do this by confessing Him with your mouth and believing in your heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, 'For with the heart man believeth unto

righteousness: and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation.' These are the words of the chart. Who then will confess Him this evening that has not done so before? Let all the followers of Jesus here confess Him by bowing their heads in prayer.

"Now, if there is anyone here that has not confessed Him as yet, who would like to do so, please hold up the hand."

While listening to the sermon, I knew this was coming, and so I had been praying secretly to God to help me; and now, up went my hand, as if there was some power other than mine own will behind it.

The Preacher saw it, and said, "Thank God, there is one hand up." After waiting for some time he said, "Thank God, there is another. Now let us pray."

So he prayed earnestly that God would bless the truth to other souls; and especially reveal Himself to those who upon that evening had held up their hands.

The company then rose and sang with great spirit:

"Jesus, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee!
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days!"

After the singing, the benediction was pronounced. Then came "Holdfast," and shook me heartily by the hand, saying as he did so, "I am so glad you made a start to-night. Trust Jesus, trust

Him and all will be well." The Preacher, and several others also, took my hand, and spoke words of comfort and exhortation, which I cannot now remember.

When again I was alone in my berth, I took to reading my chart. I read about the Christ that I had heard about in the sermon; but how to trust Him I did not know. Then I recalled my interview with the little girl—"Mamma calls me 'Little Trustful,' because I just believe everything Jesus says." Why could not I believe that He died for me, and that God had raised Him from the dead? Then I read of His death, in the chart, and in my dream I saw Him on the cross; and as I saw the blood streaming from His wounds, I said, "That blood was shed to atone for my sins. I will trust it!" Immediately I felt safe, because I felt I had that blood between me and whatever might be behind the cloud that stretched across in front of the prow of the ship. Gradually a peace that was calm as a river flowed over my soul, and I fell asleep.

Next morning I rose early, and having read a chapter on navigation from the chart, and having spent some time in prayer, I started for the deck. Here I met "Holdfast," who came up smiling, and said: "What has happened? There seems to be a new light in your eyes this morning."

"Yes," said I; "I expect it is the light of Him who said, 'I am the Light of the world.'"

"And you have found Him," said he.

"Yes," said I, "I have found Him. I know your

Great Captain now as my personal Saviour." And as I thus confessed Him, what joy filled my soul! My dream was now an ecstasy of delight. With enraptured vision, I looked out over the sea which was now calm. It was the same old sea, but it was new upon that morning to me.

While I looked I fancied I saw the outline of a coast. I turned to "Holdfast" and said: "Are my eyes deceiving me, or is that in reality the outline of land? And, see, are there not mountain peaks in the background against the clear blue sky?"

"You are right," said "Holdfast." "For some time that coast line has been visible to me, but I did not mention it to you, as I knew you could not see it. That is the coast line of what is known in the chart as 'the narrow way that leadeth to life eternal.' Only those can see it who have the new light in their eyes. Now I know you are converted," said he, "when you have so quickly discerned that coast line. I warrant that 'Turnback,' though he made a profession, never saw that coast line. Now turn to the prow and tell me what you see," said "Holdfast."

"I see," said I, "the coast line on both sides in front of the cloud, and the two lines appear to converge to an angle away in the distance."

"Keep looking!" said "Holdfast," "and look upward."

"Oh!" said I, and my soul was thrilled with delight, "I see a succession of the most beautiful rain-

bows. They arch the space over which we are sailing, their ends resting on either coast line. The ship will go right under them."

"Keep looking!" said "Holdfast." And as I looked, I saw that there were writings on the rainbows.

"There are writings," said I, "upon the rainbows."

"Those writings," said "Holdfast," "are the promises of God."

"They are written," said I, "in many languages."

"The English," said "Holdfast," "you will find right in the apexes of the bows."

So I looked again and read some of the promises:

"NO GOOD THING WILL HE WITHHOLD FROM THEM THAT WALK UPRIGHTLY."

"I WILL GUIDE THEE WITH MINE EYE."

"ALL THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD TO THEM THAT LOVE GOD."

"BEHOLD, I COME QUICKLY; AND MY REWARD IS WITH ME, TO GIVE EVERY MAN ACCORDING AS HIS WORK SHALL BE."

"Is that all?" said I.

"No," said "Holdfast." "Keep on looking through the mist, and look upward."

"I see," said I, "a succession of black bows above the rainbows, their apexes opposite the apexes of the rainbows; their ends extending out and upwards, are lost in the distance. There are writings on these black bows, also, in many languages."

"Those writings," said "Holdfast," "are the woes

of the wrath of God. The English you will find at the apexes of the bows, so that he that runneth may read."

"I see," said I, "in letters of fire on the black bows, in the English tongue:

"'WOE TO THE WICKED, IT SHALL BE ILL WITH HIM.'

"'WOE TO HIM THAT STRIVETH WITH HIS MAKER.'

"'WOE TO HIM THAT BUILDETH A HOUSE WITH BLOOD.'

"'WOE TO HIM THAT GIVETH HIS NEIGHBOUR DRINK.'

"'WOE TO THEM THAT ARE WISE IN THEIR OWN EYES.'

"'WOE TO THEM THAT ARE AT EASE IN ZION.'

"'WOE TO THEM THAT ARE MIGHTY TO DRINK WINE.'

"I see," said I, "a horrible tempest of snares, fire and brimstone, above the black bows, whirling round, and rolling forward, apparently at the same rate of speed as that at which our ship is moving. But I cannot see above that tempest."

"The secret things up there," said "Holdfast," "belong to God—those that are revealed to us. Now look forward again and tell me what you see."

"I see," said I, "a Mighty Angel in the distance going before us, with one hand extended towards heaven, in which there is a little book; in the other there is a scroll, upon which is written, 'TIME SHALL BE NO MORE.'

"That Angel," said "Holdfast," "will come to a stand—with one foot on the sea, and the other on the shore—at the World-to-come Promontory; and then time shall be no more. The ship will then go to pieces on the sunken reefs. We will emerge from under the bright rainbows of the promises of God into His presence. The horrible tempest you saw will then descend upon the wicked in all its fury; this shall be the portion of their cup since they would not have Christ to reign over them."

"Why," said I, "did you not tell me all this before?"

"Because," said "Holdfast," "the natural man receiveth not the things of God. These things are only discerned by those who, following Him, do not walk in darkness, but have the light that always accompanies everlasting life. If I had attempted to describe to you what you have now seen, my words would have been to you as idle tales."

Said I, "Do you think we are near the end of the voyage?"

"I think we are," said "Holdfast." "I have noticed for several days the coast lines of the Narrow Way seem to be drawing nearer our ship, so that they are becoming more and more distinct in outline. Like the Preacher, I, too, fancy that the ship is moving faster than she did several days ago. But you have nothing to fear. Do you not see that every day we sail right under the promises of God? These promises correspond to those that are written

in the chart. All the promises and the woes of the chart were written above before they were written below."

"I have no fears," said I, "for myself, but now that I have had a look into the future, I am deeply concerned for the safety of the passengers, who are yet as I was but yesterday, unprepared to make the landing."

"Your concern for them," said "Holdfast," "is another clear evidence of your own conversion."

Our attention was now drawn to a couple of the ship's officers and the captain, who were standing behind us on the deck. We heard one of the officers say to the captain, "We have hauled in the log, sir, and made the reckoning, and she is going at the rate of seventeen knots an hour—faster than at any time before on the voyage."

"That is it," said "Holdfast." "A few days at the most will bring us to the end of this voyage and into the harbour."

But it was now time to prepare for breakfast, and so our conversation was brought to an end. Nearly all the passengers were in their places that morning at the breakfast table. Mr. By-and-by was entertaining the bridegrooms with an account of his long sleep on Sunday. "I think," said he, "that the last trump might have sounded, and the ship might have gone to the bottom, and both together would not have woke me up."

"You were not at the prayer service, then?" said Mr. Self-indulgence.

Before he had time to reply, Mr. Have-a-good-time said, "He would be quite a curiosity at a prayer service."

This kind of conversation continued, until someone asked the captain if it was true that the ship was going at a faster rate of speed than at any time before on the voyage. The captain said, "Yes." All waited for the captain to give an explanation of it, but he held his peace. Various were the conjectures as to the cause of the quickened speed of the ship. Some said, 'Perhaps something is wrong with the log, so that it does not measure correctly.' Others said, "It was due to the momentum received from the electric storm." Someone asked Mr. Greathead what he thought about it.

"There is no doubt," said he, "but that we are sailing at a faster rate of speed than usual; however, I believe that the accelerated motion of the ship is due either to solar or stellar influences, or to a sudden contour in the periphery of the earth's rotundity."

This explanation of Mr. Greathead seemed to satisfy most of the passengers, and the conversation would have dropped there, had not an old lady by the name of Mrs. Watchful, said in a somewhat shrill voice: "I warn you that the coming of the Lord draweth nigh; and your days on this ship are numbered." Her manner was rather excited. She spoke as one that seemed to feel she must speak, because

she could not restrain the emotions of her soul. Her speech was followed for a moment by an oppressive silence. Then there was an evident division at table. Some of the passengers went on with the usual light conversation, while others talked of the probability of the ship nearing the end of the voyage and the World-to-come.

After breakfast the passengers gathered in groups, to discuss the situation and the probabilities. For the most part, they seemed to treat the matter of the quickened speed of the vessel very lightly. More so, perhaps, because the sea was now very calm. However, there was that cloud hanging across in front of the vessel, and no one could tell what was behind it.

I heard Mr. Greed say to his two friends, Mr. Gush and Mr. Guffaw, "Come, let us get wine, and fill ourselves with strong drink: to-morrow shall be as this day, and much more abundant. So off they went, and "Turnback" with them, to get the wine. I never saw them afterwards.

For my own part, I was quite unconcerned as to my safety. I had a joy and a peace that far surpassed anything I had ever dreamed of, as being possible for a human soul to experience this side of the World-to-come. I had to restrain myself. If I had not controlled my feelings, I would have been telling every passenger I met about my newly-found treasure. Heaven for me had already begun! I was in that state of mind known in the chart as

righteousness, joy, and peace in the Holy Ghost. I buckled on the life-preserver that had on it the trade mark of the Cross and Crown, and I was not ashamed to be seen wearing it, even though the sea was calm. I found it no incumbrance. It was easy to my neck, and seemed no more of a burden to me than the feathers were a burden to the winged fowls of the sea. I felt that at last the great problem of my life and future destiny was solved. I knew I had the right answer, for the Spirit Himself bore witness with my spirit that I was now His child. I was only sorry that I had grieved Him in the past by my pride and hardness of heart. Sorry also that I had not sooner come to Him as a helpless sinner, for peace and pardon. It seemed now to me that the years I had spent away from Him were years wasted in sinful rebellion against my best friend and Father in heaven. It made me shudder, also, after having had a look through the cloud, when I thought of the great risk I had been running. So the morning of that day was spent in reviewing the past with regret, and in joyful anticipation of the future. My cup of happiness was full to the brim. I only wished that others could taste this new joy, which was now to me a continual feast. My dream had become a doxology of praise to God. I loved Him. I loved His people on board the ship. I sought out the Preacher and "Hold-fast," and thanked them for the interest they had taken in me, and for their many prayers in my

behalf. They were delighted. They said they had only done their duty, and did not deserve any thanks. They called together a number of the saved passengers, and introduced me to them, and we all rejoiced together, and sang a hymn :

“ Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast ;
There by His love o’ershaded,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.”

The next thing I saw in my dream, I thought it was the afternoon of that same day, when suddenly the sun became darkened by an inky black cloud that crossed its disc, going in a north-easterly direction. This made considerable of a consternation amongst the passengers. A number came up from below to inquire what was the matter. Various were the suggestions as to the cause of the dense blackness and sudden appearance of the cloud. Some said we had gone so far north that the skin of the great northern bear had come between us and the sun. Others said that the cloud was caused by the smoke of a burning planet being wafted before the wind. Others said that Orion had gone north on a hunting expedition, and had made this cloud his chariot.

These speculations, as to the source of the cloud, were terminated by an upward and then a downward motion of the ship, as if her keel had grated on something at the bottom. One looked at another

in dismay, and, for a time, no one ventured a suggestion as to the cause of this new source of alarm.

"Can it be possible," said one, "that we are really nearing the end of the voyage, and that we are coming to the sunken reefs that the Preacher talked about?"

A few tried to put on a laugh at the end of this remark, but only a few, and as it was not general amongst the unsaved passengers, the few gave up the attempt.

"Do not be frightened," said one, "the ship has only passed over the back of some great sea-monster that is too lazy to move out of the way."

It was evident, however, that nearly all were more or less frightened. There was a running hither and thither for life-preservers. Soon, all had them on, and then you could tell what each one trusted to most. Some had on the trade mark of Confucius, others that of the Koran, others that of Moses and Sinai, others that of Buddha, others that of Brahma. There could not have been less than ten or twelve different life-preservers in use that afternoon on board the ship. I saw also in my dream that those with the same kind of life-preserver seemed to be drawn together, so that on the deck of the ship there was the Moses group, the Buddha group, the Koran group, and so on. I was drawn to the Cross and Crown group, and we spake often one to another, and were not at all afraid. If any were a little faint-hearted, the Preacher cheered

them with suitable words from the chart which he held in his hand. The other groups all stood with their backs to the prow of the ship, looking backward, or on either side, as if they feared to look forward. But we of the Cross and Crown looked forward and through the cloud. What comfort it was to me then, to see the bright rainbows on which were written the promises of God !

And as I looked, toward evening I saw Tombs' Town away in the distance. I knew it from the description previously given me of it by the Preacher. There was the ripple on the surface of the waters, which told of the sunken reefs underneath ; below that, on either side, great piles of wreckage, and below that again the tombs were reflecting the light of the sinking sun.

I said to the Preacher and " Holdfast," who were standing near, " I see Tombs' Town."

" So do I," said the Preacher, " but only dimly, as if it were through a glass darkly."

" I see it also, but in the same manner," said " Holdfast."

" Now I bethink me," said the Preacher, " I have some salve that the Great Captain put on board for this occasion."

So down he went and brought up the salve. Having anointed our eyes with the salve, we saw more clearly. I saw that the coast lines at the entrance to Tombs' Town came so near together that when we reached there, it would be impossible for the

ship to turn in such a narrow channel. I also saw that the great grey rocks rose almost perpendicular from the plain, which was not very wide, upon which the town was built. On these rocks, just before entering the town, there was the handwriting of some of those who had preceded us. The handwriting was in many languages. I was able to make out some of the larger writings written in my own tongue, so I read :

"THERE IS NO WORK, NOR DEVICE, NOR KNOWLEDGE, NOR WISDOM IN THE GRAVE WHITHER THOU GOEST."

"BE NOT DECEIVED, GOD IS NOT MOCKED; FOR WHATSOEVER A MAN SOWETH, THAT SHALL HE ALSO REAP."

"WE BROUGHT NOTHING INTO THIS WORLD, AND IT IS CERTAIN WE CAN CARRY NOTHING OUT."

As I looked at these writings, I began to think somewhat about my own safety, when the ship arrived at the sunken reefs; but, looking upward, I saw written on the bright rainbow above the reefs, "*Fear not, I will be with thee*; be not dismayed, I am thy God." The sight of this promise calmed my fears, and I continued my observations.

I now saw the great piles of wreckage thrown up upon the ridges of land that ran across the plain, on both sides of the river, which ridges, evidently, were a continuation of the sunken reefs below the water, broken pieces of ships, broken trunks, broken valises, broken wine casks, broken decanters, broken bottles,

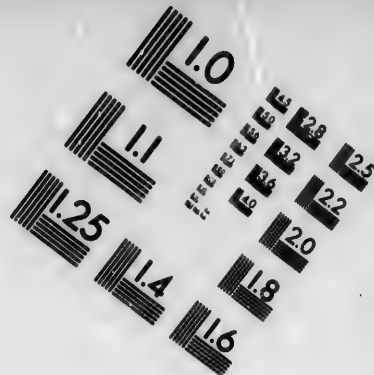
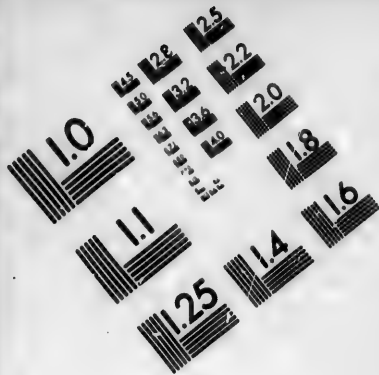
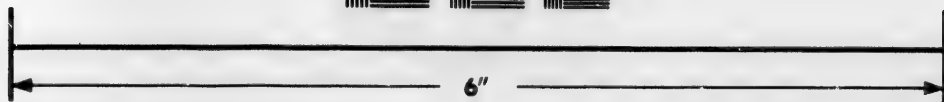
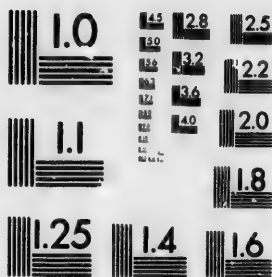


IMAGE EVALUATION TEST TARGET (MT-3)



Photographic
Sciences
Corporation

23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503

1.8 2.0 2.2 2.5
3.6 3.2 2.8

10

broken glasses, broken sofas, chairs broken, tables broken, broken fiddles, broken pianos, broken drums, broken baby carriages, broken, broken—everything there seemed to be broken, and I turned away from that pile and looked at another.

Old swords, old guns, old knives, old pipes, old snuff-boxes, old walking-canes, old bracelets, old rings, old pictures, old coins, old books, old locks of hair tied with faded blue ribbon, old clocks, old watches, old, old—everything there appeared to be old; and I looked in another direction: worn-out shoes, worn-out coats, worn-out hats, carpets worn-out, mantles worn-out, shawls worn-out, bonnets worn-out, worn-out umbrellas, worn-out brooms, worn-out, worn-out—everything in that pile appeared worn-out; and I looked at another: torn manuscripts of sermons, torn laws on parchment, torn briefs of lawyers, torn letters, torn contracts, torn marriage certificates, torn bonds, torn bills of sale, torn mortgages, accounts of merchants torn, deeds of estates torn, wills torn, torn, torn—everything there seemed to be rent asunder; and I turned my eyes forever from the great wreck of human inventions.

Then in my vision I looked beyond the great piles of wreckage to the tombs. There were inscriptions on nearly all the tombs. They were written in many languages. I began to read those in my own tongue. I read of kind fathers, loving husbands, devoted wives, sweet children, manly brothers, gentle sisters, of soldiers that had been

brave in battle, of statesmen that had sacrificed themselves for their country, of ministers that had not spared themselves in serving their flocks, of missionaries that had laid down their lives for the heathen, of philanthropists that had given their all to the poor, of explorers that had risked their lives in the cause of humanity, and so on. As far as I had read all had lived well and died in peace. The sun went down before I found a tomb whose inscription told of a man underneath like "Smooth-tongue," or "Tricky," or "Surly," or "Hardheart," or "Greed," or any of a number of others on board our ship. So I said as I turned away in the dusk of the evening from the inscriptions on the tombs, how much better than we have the passengers been in the ships that have gone before!

It was a beautiful evening that last evening on board the ship. The sea was calm. The stars never appeared to look down more friendly upon us. The sails were all reefed, as not a breath of wind was stirring. The ship was gliding onward with the current. All danger, for the present, appeared to be over, and the passengers resumed their usual pastimes. Life-preservers were laid aside that they might the more easily enjoy themselves without any incumbrance. Those that wore the life-preservers with the Cross and Crown, kept them on, except a few, who seemed only to have put them on because they saw danger ahead, and now that the danger

was over, they took them off as readily as they had put them on.

The Preacher exhorted us all to be on the watch that night, as no doubt, before morning, we would arrive at Tombs' Town. He read to us from the chart, where it said, "Watch, lest suddenly coming He find you sleeping." We spent the evening, for the most part, in singing hymns and reading from our charts, and in exhorting one another. Many of the unsaved passengers had retired for the night; others were engaged over the wine bottle and the cards.

It was about midnight, when there was a cry made which rang through the ship like the voice of a great trumpet. It seemed to come from above, and to descend and fill all the berths, and the cabin, and the gangways, and the decks with the sound: "Behold the Bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet Him."

Immediately after, I felt the keel of the ship grate heavily on the sunken reefs. Soon all was confusion on board. Some were looking for life-preservers, others were calling for friends. Passengers were stumbling over each other, running hither and thither, apparently not knowing where to go or what to do. Some were wringing their hands and crying out in despair, "Mercy! mercy! we are lost!—lost! lost!"

No attempt was made by the captain or any of the crew to preserve order. It was a life and death

struggle, and each had to act his own part in the combat, without any directions from above or below. Every light on the vessel had now gone out, and the darkness was so great that all had to grope their way. Eyes were no longer of any use. Shrieks and unearthly sounds mingled with groans and cries. Soon the gurgling sound of water could be heard below as if it were running through crevices in the ship's bottom and sides. It was evident the ship had come to a standstill, and was going to pieces on the sunken reefs. A few moments at the most, and all would be over. The ship is settling down upon the rocks, the water is rising. We can hear her timbers strain and creak, as her joints become loose. She keels over on one side, and the rush of water comes and engulfs us. We are out upon the flood—our bodies and baggage left behind with the broken ship.

I see a light, I hear a voice, a hand touches my hand. But I remember I have left my hands behind me. How can this be? Another thought! Ears and eyes are left behind, too. Oh! Death's Narrows are passed—I am in the spiritual world. The sight, the sound, the touch is spiritual. It is the dawn of consciousness in the spiritual world. I look up, I see the Great Angel standing with one foot upon the World-to-come Promontory, and with the other firmly fixed in the raging waters. The scroll in one hand with the writing, "*Time shall be no more.*" In the other He has the little book,

Legions of angels hover over the raging waters on this side of the promontory, to conduct the souls up the landing to the city that I see beyond. On the other side of the promontory all is darkness.

My angel has led me into the presence of the king. I see Him face to face in all His beauty. He presents me with a robe and crown, and says, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from before the foundation of the world." I try to thank Him. The effort I make to speak wakes me up. The sexton of the church is near me. He says, "I guess I locked you in over night." I said, "Yes; and I have had a wonderful dream. I have solved the great problem of life. I have been born again. I am a new creation this morning. I know where I am going, and I know what the place and the people are like at the end of the journey. But I must report myself immediately at the office. Good morning!"

rs on
ls up
n the

f the
auty.

says,

king-

on of

ort I

f the

l you

ad a

blem

new

oing,

like

report

ng!"